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# Sewanee Review

[Founded 1892]

*A Quarterly of Life and Letters*

EDITED BY  
WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

October-December, 1931

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The Oldest Living Literary  
Quarterly in America  
**The Sewanee Review**

will be forty years old next year

[Founded 1892]

EDITED BY  
WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

*"I know of nothing in the country that has exactly the same function as THE SEWANEE REVIEW, and it is a function of very great importance. . . . We have nothing like the English Reviews, to view the world a little more 'sub specie æternitatis'. This THE SEWANEE REVIEW aims to do and does creditably."*—GAMALIEL BRADFORD



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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY  
in the City of New York  
PRESIDENT'S ROOM

May 8, 1931

Dr. William S. Knickerbocker  
Editor of THE SEWANEE REVIEW  
Sewanee, Tennessee

Dear Dr. Knickerbocker:

I have learned with interest that in 1932 the SEWANEE REVIEW will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of its establishment. We at Columbia feel a particular interest in the REVIEW and take special pride in it because of the fact that its first editor was our valued colleague, Professor William Peterfield Trent. For a long generation the SEWANEE REVIEW, founded by him, has upheld in the South the best literary standards of exposition and criticism, and we wish for it many more years of influence and prosperity.

Faithfully yours,

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.



# Sewanee Review

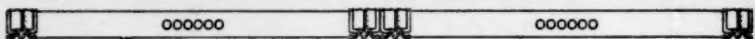
*Edited by*

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

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# Of Interest to Libraries



THE SEWANEE REVIEW is carrying on the best traditions of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, *De Bow's Review*, and other well-known literary journals of the Old South, and is playing an important rôle in helping to stimulate Southern thought and Southern letters. Its thirty-odd volumes form a rich storehouse of literary essays and literary criticism, ready access to which is to be had through the *International Index to Periodicals*.

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Containing articles on varied topics of literary and educational interest contributed by men and women who write with authority and attractive style, THE SEWANEE REVIEW deserves a place in the reading-room of every school, college, and public library in the Nation.

Every library should strive to train the public in refined taste and critical appreciation. Especially during this time of storm and stress should libraries take advantage of our people's serious mood to encourage steadiness, soberness, and selectiveness in their reading,—habits which mean so much for enlightened minds and worthy character.

YOUR LIBRARY *cannot afford to do without* THE SEWANEE REVIEW, *and we trust that you will send us your subscription without delay*

Address THE SEWANEE REVIEW,  
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE, U. S. A.

*by Quincy G. Burris*

### PLOWBOY

Plowboy, have you forgotten how to number  
These tranquil pleasures, all but vanished now—  
The choking reek of hay pitched in a mow,  
The peace of cattle lowing through the amber  
Evening of a spent day in a spent September;  
Cool earth stiff-curling from the driven plow,  
Sun on a field, or apples on a bough,  
Or noons lost swiftly in tree-caverned slumber?

As though men, quiet-eyed at humble toil,  
Knew no slow beauty in Spring's burgeoning,  
You laugh at simple folk, who deem the worth  
Of that still spirit welling from the soil  
Beyond all riches and beyond all measuring,  
And are content to keep their hold on earth.

*by Quincy G. Burris*

### CAGED IN STONE

While, caged in stone and canyoned from the sun,  
You lull your leaping pulses, and you sunder  
Light from your face, and from your eyes a wonder  
As of a morning there, where now is none.  
Oh is it simpleness you seek to shun,  
Adding your voice to swell a city's thunder,  
Piling your youth upon a city's plunder,  
Like one the world's tumultuous ardors stun?

You were not fashioned for these frenzied paces,  
Nay, you were shaped as part of that full splendor  
Inhabiting in grass, and beasts, and gods.  
Go, get you back to earth-commercing places,  
With ear alert, and nimble fingers tender,  
Listen and search for your lost self in clods.

by Charles Emery Hyde

## THE SECOND STORY

*"To this building those interested in higher education added a second story."*—Grove City College catalogue, Grove City, Pennsylvania.

College education, like Listerine and the radio, has found its way into every American home. Throughout the country citizens are wondering to which of the thousand universities and colleges they should send their offspring. In the words of Carson and Newman College (Tenn.), "this is an age of loose liberalism in religious thought, an age of rationalism and jazz. Every Christian parent who places any value on Evangelical Christianity should prayerfully consider the College to which he plans to send his son or daughter."

In order to help these baffled parents in their quest for the ideal college, we have made a careful and thorough investigation of many institutions and have culled from their current catalogues much valuable information.

There are, as everyone knows, several outstanding universities in the United States on which we need waste no words. Their athletic and social prestige, if not their curriculum, has brought their names to every farm and tenement. But there are hundreds of worthy colleges, particularly in the South, which have not received the attention they merit. Therefore, in all fairness, we are confining ourselves to this lesser known but larger group.

If anyone imagines them to be without historical tradition, he gravely errs. Indeed, Harvard itself had no more romantic conception than this:

The idea of a college at Hastings (Neb.) was first suggested by Mr. A. L. Wigton, in a conversation with Mr. Samuel Alexander and A. D. Yocum. "Why not have a Presbyterian college in Hastings?" asked Mr. Wigton as the three talked together in a store on the northwest corner of Hastings Avenue and Second Street. This conversation was held on a hot August day in 1873.

....A period of drought and a scourge of grasshoppers

followed, however, and it was not until September 13th, 1882, that the opening exercises of the College were held.

In 1878 at Grove City (Penna.)

a meeting of the citizens was called to consider the propriety of securing real estate. . . . Mr. Robert G. Black presided. In opening the meeting he said, "In view of the very great and vital interest which has brought us together, it is proper and wise that Divine guidance and blessing be sought."

Today nine buildings on a fifty acre campus attest God's approval. Divine guidance is not confined to Pennsylvania. In Tennessee

President Hopwood's twenty-three years of disinterested, unselfish service for God and the world is written not in books nor upon marble, but in the lives and hearts of men and women who are scattered all over America, and who are blessing humanity because they were given high ideals of life at Milligan College. Many privations were endured during these years—privations known only to those who bore them and to the Recording Angel who wrote them down.

In a summary of events at Mars Hill College, N. C., we find:

It is fitting that this page shall close with a word of tribute to two of the school's greatest benefactors, M. C. Treat of California and J. F. Alexander of our own mountains, both of whom "fell on sleep" during the same week in December, 1925. These were genuine Christian men, God's noblemen, and their deeds will be remembered with gratitude and affection wherever the story of Mars Hill is told.

It is notorious that many of our largest universities are situated in big cities with their attendant evils of immorality and foul air: viz., Chicago and Boston, New York and Pittsburgh. How much better these ideal locations:

Bryson College is situated at Fayetteville, the county seat of Lincoln County, Tenn. This is a town with a population of between four and five thousand, has sewerage, electric lights, paved streets and a splendid supply of freestone water gathered from cool full-flowing springs rising in the hills several miles away. Hence the health conditions are the best. . . .

Fayetteville can easily be reached from any part of the country. . . . The President will gladly give more specific directions to anyone who may wish.



### Limestone College

... is located within the corporate limits of Gaffney, S. C., a stirring town of between seven and eight thousand inhabitants....

Wilson (N. C.), the seat of Atlantic Christian College ... is a beautiful city of 12,000 population with electric lights, filtered water, successful sewerage system and a good health record.

Due West (S. C.) is a typical college town. . . . It has been for the three quarters of a century an educational center and is widely known for the simplicity, culture and refinement of its society.

Talladega College is at Talladega, Ala.,

... noted for its beautiful scenery and healthful climate, and is on the border of the great black belt.

Johnson City . . . bears the reputation of being the best church-going city in the South . . . and has up-to-date shopping advantages.

Milligan College (a few miles distant) combines the advantages of quiet seclusion and yet remains in quick and easy touch with the world of affairs.

Union University is located in Jackson, Tennessee, almost midway . . . between Chicago and New Orleans.

### Roger Williams University (Tenn.)

... may be reached from any part of the city of Nashville at a maximum cost of twenty cents. To those who enjoy a fifteen or twenty-minute walk along a well-graded macadamized road, the cost is only seven-cent car fare.

We assume that those enjoying a four-hour walk may reach the campus for nothing. However, it may be worth while, for:

One may sit by the window in the President's residence . . . and look down on passing steamboats that ply the Cumberland River.

Such environment coöperates tremendously with the efforts of the authorities to inculcate in the student body deep religious feeling. At Union University

A healthy Christian atmosphere pervades the entire institution, and during the year many students decide for Christ.

A revival is conducted each year at some time during the session. The revival conducted the past session by Dr. W. L. Pickard resulted most happily. Many were saved. . . .



And

Southwestern (Memphis) has an undisputed prior lien on every worthy Presbyterian boy and girl ready to enter college each year in the Synods of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee.

Atlantic Christian College states

Frequently young people going from home to college advance mentally, but retrograde morally. We endeavor to make this impossible. . . .

thus making the college life a continuation of home life. At Blue Mountain College (Miss.)

The Methodist church is three blocks from the college campus and there is a good concrete walk all the way.

The college management expects all teachers and students to attend Sunday School and at least one preaching service

Johnson City, of whose distinguished reputation we have already read and which is the seat of East Tennessee State Teachers College,

. . . has unusual Church advantages. Perhaps no town or city in the country has a larger percentage of Church and Sunday School-going people or better Church equipment.

MILLIGAN COLLEGE is definitely and positively a Christian Institution, but it is not sectarian in its interpretation of Christianity. It stands uncompromisingly upon the Bible as the inspired word of God, affirming that Jesus Christ is the Son of the Living God, that He was born of the Virgin Mary, that He died, was buried, and rose from the grave, bringing life and immortality to light, as declared in the Scriptures.

MILLIGAN COLLEGE is unswervingly loyal to the aims of the great movement which pleads for the restoration of the Christianity of the New Testament, for the union of all Christians in one body, and for the exaltation of the Lord's Word above all opinions, traditions and creeds of men.

MILLIGAN COLLEGE places Christian character first in the ideals of education, maintaining that without this great essential all other acquirements are of little value. Faith in God, in Jesus Christ, and in the Bible has ever been paramount in the thought of trustees, faculty and students.

Rationalistic philosophy which has brought the whole

world to the brink of ruin and which has become the fad in various institutions of learning in America and elsewhere, has never received the slightest approval or support.

. . . Milligan College is in no sense a reform school, nor is it a retreat for mental sluggards.

Wheaton College (Ill.) to its motto "For Christ and His Kingdom" . . . seeks to be faithful. Asbury College (Ky.) was named in memory of Bishop Francis Asbury, "the St. Paul of American Methodism . . . this sun-crowned apostle . . ." and

the Bible truths so earnestly and successfully proclaimed by this early bishop, and which were the power of God unto salvation, have been and are until this day the precious heritage of this school. Under the providence of God there has gone forth from its walls a host of Spirit-filled young men and women, who, with the zeal of crusaders, have proclaimed the Scriptural and Wesleyan doctrine of Full Salvation to the ends of the earth.

Asbury College is in a peculiar sense a World Institution. Because of its emphasis upon the vital teachings of Jesus and His Word and the Gospel of Full Redemption, students have flocked to its halls from thirty-nine states and seven foreign countries.

The aim of Judson College (Ala.) is "an educated cultured Christian womanhood trained for service."

The grand motive of the founder (of Maryville College, Tenn.) may be stated in his own words: "LET THE DIRECTORS AND MANAGERS OF THIS SACRED INSTITUTION PROPOSE THE GLORY OF GOD AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF THAT KINGDOM PURCHASED BY THE BLOOD OF HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON AS THEIR SOLE OBJECT."

Consistent application of these ideals is brought to every phase of college activity.

The meal hour at Milligan is not without its educational and cultural value. A polite and courtly bearing is maintained in the dining room at all times. A teacher presides at each table, and strives to make the dining hour a pleasing social feature in the life of the student. A special opportunity is here afforded to cultivate good manners and the finer graces.

Or, to quote another section from their catalogue:

The world has recently had a wonderful demonstration of the influence of athletics upon national character. For example, Germany had no athletics—had no games. Her boys and people were not taught in youthful contests to “give and take.” They were not taught the meaning of the words “fair play” in a struggle with a contestant. To understand the results, contrast their national character . . . with the daring, courageous, yet chivalrous spirit of America, as illustrated by her schoolboy army . . . One was the result of physical training without athletics, and the other character and physical training with and through athletics.

Bodily as well as spiritual comforts command an attention no less vigorous. At Queens College (N. C.)

There are five main college buildings . . . built of Indiana limestone and tapestry brick, and roofed with tile, presenting an imposing group of handsome structures rarely excelled.

In some instances the equipment is original; for example, at Wilmore Ky.,

A Stand Pipe, one hundred feet high . . . is seen for many miles around and an electric sign on its summit bearing the word, “Asbury College,” flashes on and off during the night.

At Whitworth College (Miss.)

A recent unique gift is a sweet-toned bell which formerly was a signal bell in the Illinois Central railroad service. The last engine upon which it served was given as scrap iron to the Whitworth Endowment Fund.

The courteous and efficient librarian (of Milligan College) always present . . . is a valuable asset to the school.

The dormitory for boys is also a building of strength, comfort and convenience . . . Lavatories are located on both the second and third floors. In each bedroom are a double bed, washstand, mirror, table, two chairs, and a bowl and pitcher.

—Bryson College

A permanent “movie” booth and several “movie” machines afford the students splendid opportunities for education

at the Agricultural and Industrial State Normal College (Nashville), and

The Academic Class of 1921 installed an ice-cooled drinking fountain in the main hall. . . .

Fire escapes are easily reached from several convenient doorways. . . .

The *President's Home* . . . extends a welcoming hand, as it were, to all who enter our gates. . . .

The *Dairy Herd* has been increased so that students may receive first-class training in the care of cows.

Townsend Hall, at Roger Williams University,

is fitted up with lavatories, showers, and regular bathtubs. This building is protected by a volunteer students' fire company equipped with fire extinguishers. This company is equipped and drilled in the art of fighting fire.

At Carson and Newman College

The Sarah Swann Home . . . is considered one of the most handsome dormitories in the South. It accommodates 120 young ladies, and is run on the coöperative plan . . . The girls in the home are divided into ten equal groups and serve in regular rotation . . . Many of the wealthier girls prefer to stay in this house in order to get the practical training. Each room has nice furniture, with two single iron beds; electric lights, steam heat, and water on every floor.

At Milligan College

One of the most beautiful, as well as interesting features of the gymnasium, is the natatorium. Not alone the swimming pool, but the entire room is surfaced with beautiful mosaic tile with artistic figures shown in the combings and border designs. The natatorium proper is of standard dimensions and is provided with alley lines and all necessary markings for water feats. This pool is kept filled with beautiful blue spring water, kept fresh and pure by frequent changes and kept at the proper temperature by a separate water heater. The natatorium is used on alternate days by the men and women. . . .

The "Poro" Laundry (Roger Williams University) was made possible by a generous donation from Mrs. A. M. Pope-Malone, of St. Louis, Missouri.

This laundry is equipped with modern laundry appliances and fixtures; thus with the heavy burden of laundry work relieved, young ladies are given opportunity for training in the art of laundering. In fact, all young ladies are required to spend some time in the laundry.

Elnathan Hall (Knoxville College, Tenn.) contains a laundry in which the young ladies do their own washing and ironing. They also have bath rooms, with toilets . . . A verandah extending more than 100 feet around the building

with two stories gives ample opportunity for open air exercises without undue exposure . . . .

Two commodious barns providing stables for horses and cows . . . add much to the equipment of the college plant.

#### At Lincoln Memorial University

The creamery affords unusually good facilities for the practical instruction of students, and any young man who finishes the course in darying (*sic.*) ought to be competent to operate a modern creamery himself . . . .

A large grandstand . . . has a seating capacity of 500 people, and is one of the best grandstands in this section of the country.

Poise, simple dignity, and quiet culture must have a place in the education of a well-rounded man or woman.

Only single beds are used.

—East Carolina Teacher's College,  
Greenville, N. C.

Details are too often overlooked in the selection of a college, and we have therefore reprinted the following valuable miscellaneous information: Lincoln Memorial University thinks

It is well to bring an umbrella, overshoes, rugs, Bible and dictionary.

#### The Agricultural and Industrial State Normal College

does not encourage elaborateness but rather simple attractiveness.

. . . . Students are advised to provide appropriate under-clothing and outside garments including rubbers . . . . The school insists upon simplicity and neatness on all occasions.

All kinds of fancy and party dresses are discouraged. The attention of parents is seriously called to this last statement.

Whenever possible a student's teeth and eyes should be examined and put in order before entering college.

—Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C.

#### At Berea College, Ky.,

As soon as possible after entering school students are given a careful physical examination which includes a chemical examination of the urine, examination for intestinal parasites . . . . The young women are examined by a woman physician.

A fine sewerage system has been arranged for the college at much expense.

—Winthrop College, S. C.



Pure water from the artesian wells that furnish the water supply of the town (Whitworth College) is found in abundance throughout the buildings and grounds.

The mortality among the boarders and day pupils for twenty-five years has been less than one twentieth per cent.

No longer need the youth of our country welter in ignorance. Colleges offer an abundant variety of courses, e.g.,

*Social Training:* A regular course of instruction is given in the manners and usages of good society. Opportunity for putting these into practice are afforded the students by functions held at the College. The exercises are intended to refine the students' social nature.

—College of Saint Genevieve of the Pines, Asheville, N. C.

*Course 3:* Practical pants making.

*Course 8:* Making of a full suit and overcoat with fancy vest.

—Western University, Kansas City, Kan.

*Dramatic Art:* This process must benefit, uplift, transform, while the serious work involved stifles rather than stimulates, any vague ambitions for stage ilfe . . . The plays studied are chosen with reference to moral lessons involved and their effect on character.

—Cumberland University, Tenn.

2A. *Swine Judging.*

—University of Illinois.

556. *Alexandrian Influence in Roman Poetry.*

—Princeton University.

428. *Advanced Marketing of Eggs.*

—Iowa State University.

8f. *Varieties and Habits of Fur-bearing Animals*

—University of Minnesota.

210A. *Week Day Religious Education.*

—Yale University.

13d'hj. *Introduction to Mediaeval Jewish Philosophy.*

—Harvard University.

III. *Body Training and Harmonic Work:* Two methods are used for the development of the physical organism;



the organic method which aims to secure proportion and normal adjustment of all parts of the body; the harmonic method which develops the body for expression. Relaxing and reorganizing movements—Ease and Freedom. Hours to be arranged.

*IV. Public Speaking:* Delivery is the expression of the human body through the human organism.

—Milligan College.

*13 ab. Gospel Salesmanship.*

—Pacific Union College (Calif.)

*5. Shoe Repairing:* Harness Repairing, shoe repairing and general leather work . . . (Laboratory fee required.)

*14. Sheet Metal, Pipe Fitting and Plumbing.*

—Chico State Teachers College (Calif.)

*502. Advanced Football Technique.*

—Ohio State University.

College authorities have found that a few simple rules are essential in order to guard adequately the morals and welfare of the younger generation.

Social dancing and attending dancing parties and card playing are forbidden. The possession of playing cards and tobacco is not permitted.

Young men and women are forbidden to write clandestine notes and letters to each other.

. . . sitting and lying on the beds, talking from the windows are forbidden.

—Claffin University (S. C.)

Keeping concealed weapons, swearing, playing cards or dice, or drinking spiritous liquors, are absolutely forbidden. Visiting pool rooms is forbidden under penalty of expulsion.

—Union University.

Students are not permitted to use tobacco, or to enter eating houses or places of amusement not controlled by the college, or to visit one of the opposite sex in any private place, on pain of immediate expulsion.

—Berea College.

Students . . . are expected to abstain from practices which tend to waste of time and weakening of body and mind, such as the use of tobacco, card playing, dancing, and attendance at theatres . . .

—Wheaton College (Ill.)

Stealing, gambling, use of tobacco, intoxicating drinks, use of indecent language, visiting places of vice and unseemly behavior are strictly prohibited.

Mail is subject to inspection by the Director of the College. No firearms or gunpowder must be kept on the grounds.

—Agricultural and Industrial State Normal College (Tenn.)

We cannot retain those who use tobacco in any form . . .

Neither do we desire those who use tobacco during the vacation and only stop its use on entering the institution. Such students should overcome the habit before asking for admission.

Parents are requested not to send boxes of food to students . . . as they invariably cause indigestion and loss of school energy.

Wilmore is a quiet college town free from pool rooms and picture shows.

—Asbury College.

Every morning at half past six there is a prayer meeting for young men . . .

Letter writing is subject to regulation. The mail and packages of students are inspected.

—Benedict College (S. C.)

The reverent observance of Sunday is expected. Arrival and departure on that day are discouraged. Students do not receive callers on Sunday.

Students should bring sheets, towels . . . medicine spoons or glasses and laundry bags.

—Tennessee College.

Books, periodicals and papers must not be read without the approval of the the school authorities.

Day scholars must not mail letters for boarders.

—St. Bernard College (Ala.)

Students are not allowed to ride in an automobile with young men without special permission.

—Belhaven College (Miss.)

*Boys and girls taking their meals in private homes must eat at separate boarding places.*

—Union University.

Young men must confine themselves to that portion of the campus lying north of a line running from Commencement Hall to the Pike, and the young women to that lying south of said line . . .

The use or possession of . . . deadly weapons is strictly forbidden . . .

Disorderly conduct is strictly forbidden both on or off the University grounds.

A hat will be furnished at the University at wholesale prices. Students coming to the University for the first time are asked to wear simple black hats . . .

Warm underwear during the winter months is a necessity as the climate is very changeable.

—Roger Williams University.

Week-end visits tend to distract from regular work . . .

Young men are not required to report at breakfast and dinner on Monday.

The use of *tobacco in any form is strongly discouraged* . . .  
The use of liquor is prohibited on all occasions.

A boy who is sufficiently ill to have his meals served in his room, will pay 10 cents extra for each meal so served.

All evening dresses must have round or V-shaped necks, with sleeves five inches in length from the shoulder line. Dresses worn on all occasions must be approved by the Dean of Women . . .

Simplicity in dress is particularly becoming a student while in the College, and it saves time, energy, and thought,—valuable for other and higher uses.

The young men under no circumstances are to loiter about the girls' dormitory or molest the young women in their play . . .

—Milligan College.

To those desiring further information, these colleges will gladly send their catalogues upon request.

by Gorham B. Munson

## THE LITERARY PROFESSION IN AMERICA

NOT long ago I was reading *An Alphabet of Economics* by A. R. Orage, and among many admirable definitions was one that caused me to see in an entirely new light the social significance of the profession I practise. "A profession," said Mr. Orage, "is a voluntary association of men who profess or undertake to administer a social function efficiently and responsibly without consideration of a reward." That this simple-sounding definition was the outcome of clear thought and can in turn bear much thinking about in detail is evidenced by Mr. Orage's own gloss. "Note, in the first place, that the association must be voluntary; for it is contrary to the spirit of any profession that the men who make the profession should have been forced to do so; a profession must be a voluntary act. Note, in the second place, that the nature of the profession must be that of a social function, in other words, a necessity of society; and, in the third place, that the professing members of the profession undertake on their own responsibility to discharge the function efficiently. Note, finally, that the consideration for the services rendered by a profession is not reward or pay, but the satisfaction of a duty discharged and of a function performed."

Belonging as I do to the literary profession in America,—a profession that the great bulk of my countrymen regard somewhat askance,—it was very natural that I should at once direct the glossarial beams of Mr. Orage upon the professional literary life I know at first hand. It is obvious that the major questions are, what is the social function of American literary men? does society now recognize this function? do American writers themselves clearly realize it? is it being efficiently performed? And it is further obvious that though the practice of letters gives its own satisfaction, still economics enters in a very imperious way; the whole question of the incidental monetary reward presses for consideration. But in the special application I propose to offer

of Mr. Orage's definition and gloss, it is best to follow his order, and begin with the voluntary aspect of the literary profession in America.

No statistics are available on the percentage of voluntary literary men as compared to involuntary writers, but certainly none are needed. Men cannot be virtually conscripted to work at writing as they are to serve in the factories. In the trade of journalism, where monetary returns eventually become the prime inducement, you do encounter a certain number who have been, so to speak, drafted—business men who have discovered it to their interest to run trade journals and low grade popular magazines; but even in journalism common observation tells us that most of its practitioners are thus engaged because they prefer this trade to all others. There is to be noted one sad body of exceptions: authors who have begun by joining the literary profession and then through intense economic pressure or even by their very successes, i.e., through complete inability to support themselves by letters or through too great a facility in pleasing the public, have been shanghaied into journalism for the remainder of their lives. Chained to the galley-proofs of popular magazines and papers, they write desperately on, pining at intervals for the resumption of purely literary adventures and the hard-won freedom of a Joseph Conrad.

But rising above the swarming region of journalism we come to all who aspire to contribute to the tradition of belles lettres, who constitute the serious literary profession seeking to advance the novel and the drama, to maintain and enrich poetry, to make the essay flourish, and in general to keep the whole literary art in a high state of excellence. And of these it may be said confidently that they form a purely voluntary association. They are literary men not through force of external compulsion but because in their hearts they strongly wish to be. They love books genuinely, and they are moved by a genuine desire to write new books. *Why* they write—for fame, for power, for the sake of self-importance, out of a sense of inferiority, or for some other motive—is quite another and rather dark matter; but the incontestable fact is that practically everyone engaged in letters has freely chosen the occupation. And chosen it in the face of many discouragements and foreknowledge of its uncertainties.



Other professions in America have a certain amount of social backing, as in the ministry, law, teaching and medicine, but the prospective literary man is conscious of no such backing urging him to his choice. Rather are there prudent counsels from his relatives against it. Nor can he inherit his father's literary reputation as one inherits a business, or go into partnership with an established author. From the beginning it is up-hill, and only those animated by a persistent strong desire to become members of the literary profession surmount the early trials.

Thus, the first term of the definition is clearly complied with by American literary men. Theirs is a voluntary association, and, I venture to insist, more purely voluntary than the majority of professions in the United States. But what is the social function or necessity of society which they profess to administer efficiently on their own responsibility? There should be a plain answer that everyone knows, just as everyone knows that to take care of the community's health is the function of the medical profession, but in the case of the literary profession the plain answer is not immediately forthcoming.

In fact, the profession of literature has a very anomalous position in American society. Is it a profession essentially for men of a vagabond temperament and therefore not to be stabilized by constant reference to one central function? Is it to provide entertainment or to instruct? Is warfare between the artist and society the basic inevitable relation, as several generations of romantic artists have declaimed? Is it the role of modern literature to supersede religion, a contention one sometimes hears? Clearly enough, society makes certain specific demands on its artists, and literary artists sometimes combat these demands, sometimes accede to them; but are the demands based on a correct view of the social function of literary men and do literary men in gratifying or in refusing to gratify them decide according to a principle of fulfilling a social necessity?

All my experience favors the conclusion that society today does not know what duty it should expect literary men to carry out, and, what is less pardonable, American literary men, by and large, have not for themselves discovered their primary social duty. The confusion is double, and accounts, I think, for the feeling of uprootedness prevalent among serious American writers.



It leads many of them to accentuate their bohemian characteristics, to flout respectability on the least provocation, to divorce utterly the *sens propre* from the *sens commun*, to adopt the "art-for-art's-sake" heresy, to deny a moral dimension to literature, to insult gratuitously the reading public; above all, to make a cult of irresponsibility in their own professional pursuits. It accounts, I should say, for the lack of dignity of this profession and for the depressing failure of American writers in general to realize that they are workers in a great tradition. Finally, it accounts for the blindness of American authors to their general and impersonal professional concerns—such as, let us say, the maintenance and enforcement of a high standard for literary debate—and permits them to be utterly self-centred, totally partisan, purely private adventurers in the realm of beautiful letters. Professional solidarity—so far as my observations reach, it scarcely exists in the literary profession. In its place we have cliques, clubs for authors, the unconscious banding together of those in power against the next generation that threatens to overturn the literary world.

If one can imagine it, it is as if a voluntary association of men, thoroughly trained in pedagogy, should find themselves cut adrift. Society would have no vivid sense of what they should do, and they themselves would not keep in the foreground, and clearly perceived, the main object of their profession. The necessity for transmitting to the younger generation in school and college the stored experience and wisdom of the race would be forgotten, with the result that the teachers would flounder about. The gate would be open for all kinds of eccentricities in the profession.

No doubt about it, the gate is open wide for the tendencies that make the present literary profession centrifugal in its activity rather than centripetal. Do I exaggerate the truth somewhat, and am I subject to all the exceptions and individual corrections that can be made of one using a *composite* picture of an actual state of affairs? I cheerfully admit the charges, but insist that it cannot be denied there is no general lively awareness of social function in the literary calling.

However, the present dispensing with a foundation of social need seems to me not wilful, but merely careless. Certainly, it

is not difficult to discover what, looking at the matter in the largest way, is the function around which the literary profession ought to be organized.

For like anybody else, writers use words. And just as in response to the human need to move, there spring up transportation systems and specialists in transport, so in response to the human need for words there arise specialists in the use of them. The social function of literary men is, *au fond*, in the care of words. Literary men undertake or should undertake to keep words in good state, to make new coinages, to show the best use that may be made of them. They sift words and discriminate: they refine and beautify: they create the appropriate word-as-sociations. And the purpose of words? Surely, it is to communicate. So that, again, it may be said that the literary profession is in charge of perfecting communication of thoughts, emotions, practical desires between man and man. It is an association of experts with the purpose of maintaining and improving for society's benefit communication through words.

That this is both an important and necessary social function needs no saying. That it provides a criterion for the efficiency of the literary profession at any stated time is, I hope, obvious. What is not so patent is the manner in which literary men have hitherto practised their duty. Briefly, it has been by the creation of an ideal speech designed to act as a stimulant on actual speech. The way in which the average person expresses his meaning is hardly ever satisfactory to him in the more important moments of his life. He feels frustrated by words: they do not come, golden-winged, at his beck and perform feats of legerdemain at his bidding. He scarcely ever talks as he would like ideally to talk, for at the moment he is not sufficiently collected or he is too taken by surprise or embarrassed. Sometimes, afterwards, he constructs the speech he wishes he had made instead of the halting and inadequate sequence of words he actually said. Literature ("speech at considered leisure") may be defined as the ideal talk of ordinary mortals. Without literature the vocabulary of ordinary mortals shrinks and becomes debased: our speech may have traces of poetic quality, but all in all it tends to revert to a rudimentary condition. The literary profession strengthens its ideal language by maintaining intimate relations

with the raw vigor of common speech, but in turn common speech is enlarged, refined, ennobled by the contemporaneous development of an ideal discourse. In this way ordinary communication and ideal communication reciprocally feed on each other.

We can now see some of the obligations an efficient literary profession would voluntarily contract to fulfill. It would endeavor to supply current models for all the forms used in social intercourse; it would nourish the conception of a perfect prose style, prose and not poetry being what the *Monsieur Jourdain*s speak; it would strive to bring into existence the perfect language. Consider the first obligation. In ordinary discourse very many forms are used, such as the anecdote, joke, the traveller's tale, monologue, dialogue, dramatic conversation, letter, diary, criticism, improvised fantasy, epigram, etc. But it very often happens that a current literature does not keep in practice the total variety of forms which speakers are employing toward their listeners. Some literary forms fall into disuse during a period or into a very low estate, and there is a great concentration of creative effort on only one or two forms. That clearly is the case with American literature today. No one keeps a journal any more, the new dialogue is almost unseen in print, the masque is virtually extinct, letter-writing is in a disgraceful state; one can multiply instances of neglected forms. On the other hand, there is a plethora of biographies and realistic novels. From the social point of view this state of affairs is a sign of inefficiency. It has the stigma of incompleteness.

In the same way, the absence in the American profession of any widespread concern about the goal of perfect prose is an index of inefficiency. For a perfect English prose style has never been written. That is to say, no prose of the order of major Scripture has yet come from the pen of an Anglo-Saxon writer. But it is socially important that every faculty of the American writer be stretched at least to descry the goal. For we may be certain that as American written prose improves, so will our spoken prose on much the same principle as the heightening of an electric current of lower voltage by one of higher voltage when brought close.

The remaining obligation, that of consciously furthering progress toward a perfect language, is also eminently social. At present

we use English with American differentiations. No one would claim that English is a tongue without deficiencies, though it is a tongue of glory, nor do the American differentiations provide as yet even an adequate basis for a richer phase of language-growth. But where is the professional vision of an American language which shall surpass modern English as modern English surpasses early English? Again we come upon inefficiency, and a blindness arising, according to my contention, from our general failure to correlate our activities around the duty of perfecting verbal communication for society.

For observe an odd phenomenon:—there is actually a large group of literary men who think that the primary aim of writing is self-manifestation, or as it is more usually referred to, self-expression. In fact, there have been a number of manifestos from the fiery days of Professor Spingarn's lecture on the new criticism to the declining days of *transition*, the lately suspended expatriate magazine, which have proclaimed the rights of self-expression and denounced the task of communication. This is heresy by the established canons of world-literature, and the fact that this heresy has run through our literary men like a pleasing drug releasing them from the mundane toil to effect telekinesis (or communication through the medium of print) is an ineluctable piece of evidence pointing to the disorientation of the profession. It is notable that the self-expressionists encourage the irresponsibility of the artist, whereas the assumption of responsibility is the very mark of a profession. To be responsible for the care of language, for the development of verbal communication is at once to socialize literature, to look upon it as a public medium, to preserve courtesy toward the other party who is the reader. But we damn the reader, say the members of the cult of self-manifestation, and literature is converted by them into a private affair.

We cannot wonder then if the economics of the literary profession is somewhat shaky. We should recall here Mr. Orage's final remark, "the consideration rendered for the services of a profession is not reward or pay, but the satisfaction of a duty discharged and of a function performed"—and agree that it is perfectly true of the literary profession in America. There is indeed no writer worth his salt who does not esteem the sense of satis-

faction which floods over him on the completion of a useful task far above any praise he may receive or any monetary payment that is made. Sweetly comes sleep to the penman who has labored worthily in the day. But the satisfaction of a duty discharged does not, of course, preclude payment in prestige and money or charm away economic distress. Economic success may be incidental to success in the performance of a function, but though incidental it is vitally necessary. The writer must be able to guarantee his ability to keep alive; otherwise he is, like the majority of men today, a disguised slave, dependent on his being able to hire himself to others. And the truth of the matter is that in most cases he is a kind of slave-at-large, receiving no regular salary, but trying to attract toward himself by the skill of his pen whatever monies he can. Here, clearly enough, is another factor unsettling the profession, holding it back from its aims, creating sharp and sometimes unfair competition among its members, compelling the literary man to scramble for a living a great deal of the time which he should be devoting toward achieving professional ideals. But be it far from this writer to suggest a state pension for the literary man, or a return to patronage. I do not think that society should coddle its literary professionals, or give them special privileges. But neither on the other hand should they have imposed on them abnormal economic handicaps, and as things now stand the economic life of the literary profession is more irregular, more precarious, and on the whole less nourished than is the economic life of the other major professions.

Undoubtedly, such considerations as the above are bound up with the whole unsolved economic problem of modern life, and in view of the total problem I do not wish to end this article with a special complaint in behalf of literary men. Quite the contrary! Let literary men first renew in themselves a social sense, let them really cultivate a sense of responsibility for the perfection of that extraordinary social necessity, communication, let them insist that society recognize and appreciate the function they voluntarily perform for it, and some part, I believe, of their economic problem will already be bettered. For if we get the principle, the theory, correct, then practical affairs are invariably altered for the better to some degree anyway. But can American



society now be fairly blamed when it observes the low state of professional ethics exhibited among some literary men in the recent unscrupulous attacks on Humanism, when it is confused by the profession itself as to what its central aims are, when it hears objurgations cast on itself for its lack of interest in the essentially private documents of "advanced" poets and novelists, can society, I say, be blamed altogether for its indifference to the economic plight of its writers? Under the circumstances with the writer shrugging off his social responsibilities and going his own self-expressive way, society may be expected to return contempt with contempt. The result is a disorganized profession.

*by James Palmer Wade*

### AUTUMN AGAIN,

#### BUT AUTUMN LONG IN GOING

Now let the wind be a slow, curious thing  
Beneath the mist, and let the leaves have peace;  
Preserve the asters, golden rod, brionies,  
We'll no mulatto flowers in this Spring.  
There will be sun where the persimmons hang,  
And we will bask beneath persimmon trees;  
The brook will sing where late the fierce wasps sang.  
We shall be honey without ancestral bees!

We shall be lost within the Indian Summer  
Where we can be found never by November.  
And passionate as is the sound of the hummer,  
We will be passionate in the year's last ember,  
Forgetting in us, impatient and somber,  
The pain of April turning to Remember.



by Charles DeWey Tenney

## "ROSE PINK AND DIRTY DRAB"

GEORGE MEREDITH AS A CRITIC

PERHAPS it is not strange that Ernest Hemingway has been regarded by many intelligent people as the strong, silent man of modern letters. Yet only the other day, Bertrand Russell declared that the ending of *A Farewell to Arms* marked a return to Victorian sentimentalism. Within the last year, Paul Elmer More thought to refute a careful argument by Allen Tate with words to the effect that Tate was conceited, impudent, and ignorant, unaware of the fact that Burton Rascoe had just finished a hilarious description of Irving Babbitt's professorial manner in debate. Then Rebecca West resigned from *The Bookman* because of two or three remarks so obscurely offensive that Seward Collins was compelled to devote many pages to an explanation of what he had first intended by them.

A bigger and better *American Mercury* was advertised in a recent number—a number dedicated by H. L. Mencken to exposing the mercantile philosophies of Babbitt and the little Babbitts. (The personal pun is not mine, but belongs to the controversy). Not many months ago, *The Atlantic Monthly* printed a prize-fight story by Hemingway, but carefully apologized for the novelty, and appended a glossary of prize-fight terms, on the supposition that people who read *The Atlantic Monthly* would not be able to understand the dialogue without academic assistance. A good poem appeared in the same number, but this novelty was not explained.

*Liberty*, too, publishes glossaries with its realistic tales of gangsters.

All of this goes to show the difficulties that beset a present-day reader intent on understanding present-day usage of the terms, classicism, realism, and romanticism. Notwithstanding several new distinctions, for which new terms have been invented, the argument is an old and essential one among critics. But "humanists" and "anti-humanists" alike have presented their issues and definitions as if they had discovered some new and even more consequential argument. The new critical jargon, with

exceptions now and then, is as loose and illogical as political talk. Calvin Coolidge, for instance, has just told us that the future will change our condition either for the better or for the worse. So have the Humanists. Again, the Republican leaders are reaping a just punishment for having made an issue of prosperity, as though prosperity could have been an issue in the first place. No party is *against* prosperity. Likewise, no one is really an anti-humanist, except the misanthrope. Malcolm Cowley, shrewd enough to see this subtlety, makes a distinction between humanism and Humanism.

Other incidents come to mind, but I do not wish to continue in the rankling tone that such controversies apparently demand from participants and even from casual observers. I should like merely to call attention to another critic and another kind of criticism. George Meredith is, in many particulars, somewhat outmoded to-day, but his philosophy is still ahead of the times. Like Ibsen, he concentrated his outlook on a problem, the position of women in marriage and society, which has rapidly been adjusting itself in the twentieth century. His attacks on the sentimental double standard of morality, for instance, no longer startle us, because of social changes due in some little measure to Meredith's own activities. But the philosophical foundation of his arguments is as firm as ever, and, in relation to literary criticism, more important than ever. Meredith had one thing which many modern critics lack—a central point of view from which to criticize.

If you want to know what a philosophical center can do for criticism in our own time, read George Santayana's *Essays on Three Philosophical Poets and Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*. You need not agree with him, any more than with the Humanists or the anti-Humanists, but you know that you disagree at your peril, that you have a sharply-defined and impressive set of critical principles to contend with. And Santayana's whole tone keeps criticism from mere personalities. Very few would venture to take him to task for either impudence or pedantry.

The case with Meredith is more difficult, because the thoughts of the great Victorian have been lost sight of in two obscurities: the fog of sentiment and prejudice that was as thick in his time

as in ours, and the general confusion that blurs such questions in all periods. Meredith's thinking actually escaped both obscurities. He was able to keep his vision clear in spite of the murky Victorian atmosphere, and he possessed an original philosophy and insight adequate to the problem. That he never made his attitude as explicit as a formula may seem responsible for a third obscurity, but he stated his ideas repeatedly in such striking and unmistakable terms that very little thinking is necessary to bring out their coherence.

Meredith's first novel was published in 1859, the year *Adam Bede* was given to the public; his last novel appeared in 1895, just before Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*; his poetry dated a decade before and after. He was keenly aware of the conditions and tendencies of his age. A reading of his high-spirited letters reveals his intense interest in the political, religious, and social upheavals that were taking place all about him. His interest, moreover, was that of a first-class critic: he had the ability not only to observe, adjudge, and evaluate with intense application and conviction but also to keep his judgments free from any entangling compromises.

Many of the great Victorians were, as Chesterton phrases it, "lame giants". Meredith was akin to them in the vigor and genius with which he built up and defended his attitude. On the other hand, he was essentially ahead of his age in that he was able to assimilate the issues the times presented to his thought as he went forward, not falling into the trap of an extreme of any sort. He escaped alike the bourgeois satisfaction, pale, detached romanticism, and sticky maunderings of the second quarter of the century; the struggle between new scientific thought and old religious creed, both of which could be stigmatized as dogmatic; the morbid mid-century disillusionment, seeking refuge in a sort of boozy Oriental hedonism; the unnatural mouth-waterings of continental naturalism; and the decadence of the final æsthetic revolt.

Among English men of letters, Meredith almost alone is rated as a profound original thinker by professional philosophers. His philosophy is classical in its moderation and catholicism, modern in its positivistic, almost pagan, adherence to earth. Earth, however, he did not regard as a fatal lump of matter. She is

alive and growing toward spirituality. She is the great mother, the source of all things relating to the life of man. A harmonious relationship of natural forces constitutes the norm upon which the evolutionary process, the gradual widening and heightening of life, is contingent. Matter, mind, spirit—all are natural, all should be closely interfused and interdependent in nature as a whole.

Each of each in sequent birth.  
Blood and brain and spirit, three  
(Say the deepest gnomes of Earth),  
Join for true felicity.  
Are they parted, then expect  
Some one sailing will be wrecked:  
Separate hunting are they sped,  
Scan the morsel coveted.  
Earth that Triad is: she hides  
Joy from him who that divides;  
Showers it when the three are one  
Glassing her in union.

Growing nature is thus both source and end of life. In any description of the drive of life in terms of evolution, however, there is implied a present content of grosser elements from which the ideal end-product is to be freed. Spiritual growth is not straightforward; it involves much wastefulness and even the destruction of some individuals.

Now Meredith did not explain how it is that wastefulness and cruelty enter into the fundamental structure of things. The reason for his indifference is that he was primarily a poet and a mystic; not a metaphysician or a theologian. He was not interested enough in ultimate explanations to nail the responsibility for natural evil to the door of any absolute. Those who objected to a mystic acceptance of the facts because it seemed to them too easy a solution Meredith left to their explorations of the eternal vacuum. To him the fact that natural evil is a part of the very scheme of things was not sufficient reason to reject earth. Evolution, wasteful though its working-out may be, is definitely to attain an ideal end. It is, he suggested in a sonnet, movement in a spiral rather than in circles. And the Darwinian phrase, "survival of the fittest", Meredith rendered "earth's cherishing of her best-endowed", thus emphasizing the purpose behind the struggle for survival.

Nor did he attempt to describe the end of the process in certain terms. With finalities as with first causes, the mystic attitude is the only normal attitude. The whole matter is summed up in the famous aphorism, "Spirit raves not for a goal".

This does not mean that man cannot know what is good. Although the questions "Whence?" and "Why?" and "Whither?" remain reverent mysteries, the philosophy of earth, properly understood, results in hastening and realizing her progress. Earth, working in civilization, has produced minds capable of understanding and improving the immediate present. The crystallized social intelligence which Meredith called variously "civilization" or "philosophy" or "brain" permits certain wasteful divergences from the pathway to be noted and avoided. Civilization, of itself, is a definite attainment, and in the richness of its fulfillment there is promise of a high goal, infinitely more splendid and desirable than anything that can be guessed at present.

Meredith closely resembled Aristotle in his insistence on political and ethical wisdom. The difference between their schemes may almost be summed up in one word—growth. Meredith, like most thinkers since the middle of the last century, emphasized time as an agent of creativity. Aristotle's whole system was a timeless evolution—a notion almost inconceivable to the modern mind.

The ideal, or, as Meredith would have called him, the natural man, is defined in terms of his relationship to earth and to civilization. The natural man is the individual in whom the basic elements of blood and brain and spirit merge and move in closest harmony. This interplay of necessary elements is a true reflection of the unity and growth of nature, "glassing her in union". By normally filling his rôle in the process, the natural man assumes a position at the top of nature's hierarchy; he becomes thus "her lord if to her rigid laws he bows". On the other hand, when he disturbs the balance of his powers through some selfish emphasis, as in the ascetic, the sheer intellectualist, or the mere sensualist, the general fulfillment is hindered and personal happiness is wrecked as well.

Sometimes the natural but undesirable selfishness of man blinds him to the fact that spiritual growth is dependent upon a normal interaction of body, mind, and spirit. This selfishness is of two



kinds: the primitive egoism made necessary by nature's early rigorous process of selection, and the social egoism of those who, in spite of their recognition of the spiritual values in earth, reassert their crass physical desires in an advanced stage of civilization. Often the social egoist is able to sublimate his desires in such a way that they may seem to him spiritual. This confusion of the sensual and the spiritual Meredith called sentimentalism.

Both primitive egoism and sentimentalism originate in the conflict between the individual and the circumstances that surround him; both are the results of an incomplete growth. Sentimentalism is, however, more dangerous than primitive egoism, because it occurs in a more advanced stage of civilization. On the one hand, the sentimentalist professes to hate the earth, which seems to him crude because of its undeviating rigor of discipline. On the other hand, he desires intensely the things that earth alone can give him—the delights of the senses and passions, no matter how sublimated. If he calls earth gross, he finds it necessary to conceal his own earthiness under a cloak of conventional idealism so that he may preserve the appearance of integrity before his fellows. "Sentimentalists," says *The Pilgrim's Scrip*, "are they who seek to enjoy without incurring the Immense Debtorship for a thing done."

The egoist in society exhibits, among other qualities, a hatred of physical facts, grounded in dread of the occasional harshness of earth; an underlying materialism that conceals itself only by pretensions to spirituality; an exaggerated refinement (Jane Austen called it "sensibility") that ministers to his sense of spiritual superiority; and a romantic but completely sensual attitude toward love. It was this last quality that Meredith attacked most bitterly in such novels as *The Egoist*, *Sandra Belloni*, and *Diana of the Crossways*. He showed that the requirement of complete physical and spiritual chastity, or ignorance, in the women we marry was often no more than an egoistic demand for the untarnished article, and that it was usually coupled with wandering desires for satisfaction outside the spiritual circle. Hence the double standard of morality. Willoughby Patterne's ideal of womanhood was typical: "He wished for her to have come to him out of an egg-shell, somewhat more astonished at things than

a chicken, but as completely enclosed before he tapped the shell, and seeing him with her sex's eyes first of all men." Thus the sentimentalist in love is tortured between his passions and his thirst for a singular purity.

In the process of civilization, there is necessarily a certain amount of wastage before the lesson of unselfishness is learned. Each man must go through his ordeal of purification; and only the clarified perception coming to him in highly civilized communities enables him to escape "tempest-flails" of flesh and spirit that involve wasting a large part of his life and happiness. Meredith called this high intelligence the Comic Spirit; and a great part of his work as a writer consisted in showing how the philosophy of earth, made luminous to the individual in the course of his struggles with his selfishness, enables him to progress through the mazes of sentimental wastage and to take his place in the larger evolution of the earth.

With his novelist's insight into the various forms of sentimental self-deception, Meredith could not help being aware of manifestations of sentimentalism in Victorian literature. He was responsible for many sane and healthful criticisms of such distortions of literary art as pseudo-romanticism and extreme naturalistic realism. These expressions are all the more remarkable as coming from an Englishman whose writing career began in the nineteenth century.

At that time, Tennyson was the high-priest of Victorian literature. He had battered on the work of the romantic poets who had preceded him, and had obtained a tremendous popularity with all classes. Meredith, however, regarded him as merely a gifted defender of bourgeois sentiments, and felt that a great deal of his poetry, in spite of its high romantic posturing, reflected only the falsity of conventional idealism.

The 'Holy Grail' is wonderful, isn't it? The lines are satin lengths, the figures Sèvres china. I have not the courage to offer to review it, I should say such things. To think!—it's in these days that the foremost poet of the country goes on fluting of creatures that have not a breath of vital humanity in them, and doles us out his regular five-feet with the old trick of the vowel endings—The Euphuist's tongue, the Exquisite's leg, the Curate's moral sentiments, the British matron and her daughter's purity of tone:—so he

talks, so he walks, so he snuffles, so he appears divine.—I repeat with my Grannam,—to think!—and to hear the chorus of praise too! Why, this stuff is not the Muse, it's Musery. The man has got hold of the Muses' clothes-line and hung it with jewelry.

But the 'Lucretius' is grand. I can't say how much I admire it and hate the Sir Pandarus public which has corrupted this fine (natural) singer. In his degraded state I really believe he is useful, for he reflects as much as our Society chooses to show of itself. The English notion of passion, virtue, valour, is in his pages; and the air and the dress we assume are seen there.—I turn to Rabelais and Montaigne with relief. See what a gentleman Boccaccio is in his narration! and always manly, always fresh.—Do you care to find the Holy Grail, Fred? Twenty years ago it would have excited me. This your foremost Poet is twenty years behind his time. Of course I expect a contrary opinion from you. But answer me—isn't there a scent of damned hypocrisy in all this lisping and vowelled purity of the Idylls? Well! just as you like. It's fashionable; it pleases the rose-pink ladies, it sells. Enough.

Meredith, then, regarded fantastic romance, even when beautifully done, as unnatural and, in a sense, immoral. It is merely the refinement of exhibitionism. It is at least not high art, for art must ultimately be founded on reality if it is not to lapse into sentimental meandering. "Your piece of romance has exaggerated history to caricature. Romances are the destruction of human interest. The moment you begin to move the individuals, they are puppets." Furthermore, such romance is hypocritical in that it attempts to gloss over the hard cold realities of nature (always unpleasant to the sentimentalist) with a profusion of color and detail. Self-deception of this kind is doubly dangerous in its disregard for earth and in its too-easily won optimism.

On the other hand, Meredith had his Diana say of Romance: "The young who avoid that region escape the title of Fool at the cost of a celestial crown." He is famous for his romantic passages—notably the great love scenes in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *Sandra Belloni*, and *The Shaving of Shagpat*. What distinction did he draw between true and false romance?

The answer is at once obvious from what has been said of the nature of sentimentalism. True romance springs from the earth; it does not attempt to distort or to hide reality. True romance is

simply a poetical heightening of reality, a transcending deeply rooted in fact.

Pseudo-romance, however, is a sentimental distortion of nature, a forced and fantastic product in the interest of self-assertion and pleasantly-colored spirituality. Even the romantic outburst that preceded Tennyson was not uncolored by sentimental confusions of sense and spirit. Writing to his son, Meredith said, "As to Ossian and Homer, your choice represents a phase of thoughtful youth. Ossian's imagery is intangible. Homer's is all concrete. *Homer's comes up from the heart of nature.* Ossian's is somewhat forced, and seems due to a sentimental habit and the imperiousness of sentiment in coloring all of its own hue."

In the phrase I have italicized, the essence of Meredithian romance found expression. A firmly-grasped experience of nature, an ability to guide and to restrain the imagination: these are needed before one should attempt to picture the romantic side of life.

What is the value of romance? As Diana said, "Our lives require compression, like romances, in order to be interesting." Romance serves as a focus of the spiritual imagination as it plays over what is most precious in man's earthly experience. Such romance is far removed from sentimentality, and should be reserved for those high moments when earth openly reveals her spiritual significance.

Meredith described, in a letter to G. P. Baker, the method he attempted: "In the Comedies, and here and there where a concentrated presentment is in design, you will find a 'pitch' considerably above our common human; and purposely, for only in such a manner could so much be shown." He went on to say, however, "Those high notes and condensings are abandoned when the strong human call is heard."

In spite of his regard for true romance in its place, Meredith was essentially a realist (and his realism is not at all different from the method of the men we call classics). To him, the real and the ideal were necessarily bound up. The center of the evolutionary conception is a belief that the real is potentially the ideal. The spiritual phase of the earth is none the less real in that it has been and is incomplete.

Between realism and idealism there is no natural conflict. This completes that. Realism is the basis of good composition: it implies study, observation, artistic power, and (in those who can do more) humility. Little writers should be realistic. They would then at least do solid work.

. . . A great genius must necessarily employ ideal means, for a vast conception cannot be placed bodily before the eye, and remains to be suggested . . . Men to whom I bow my head (Shakespeare, Goethe; and in their way, Molière, Cervantes) are Realists au fond. But they have the broad arms of Idealism at command . . . I hold the man who gives a plain wall of fact higher in esteem than one who is constantly shuffling the clouds and dealing with airy, delicate sentimentalities, headless and tailless imaginings, despising our good, plain strength . . . For my part I love and cling to earth, as the one piece of God's handiwork which we possess. I admit that we can refashion, but of earth must be the material.

This conception of realism is only another way of stating Meredith's theory of comedy. The Comic Spirit is Meredith's formulation of his anti-sentimental philosophy as it applies to art. Comedy is no buffoon's attitude, no jester's wand; in the hands of the artist it becomes both a practical and a constructive philosophy. Civilized life must be viewed under the aspect of philosophical comedy if it is to be purged of its dross and again made one with the large process. The chief function of the Comic Spirit is a social one: it points out wherein society has departed from the only reality man can be sure of—the growing earth.

Comedy is thus an extra-dimensional eye, outside of time, outside of space; it enables the artist to view men in society, and to view them in the light of the entire evolution. It fixes upon various egoistic maladjustments, and sets them against reality viewed *sub specie æternitatis*. There results from such perception of incongruity a purifying gale of laughter, or at least "the smile that dies into a thought". The critic of sentimental byways is impelled by his very knowledge of them to keep his feet firmly in the pathway of civilization.

Although Meredith was in this large sense a realist, he could not overlook the distortion of nature implicit in the works of a certain school of realists, with their "soundings and probings



of poor humanity, which the world accepts for the very bottom-truth if their dredge brings up sheer refuse of the abominable. The world imagines those to be at our nature's depths who are impudent enough to expose its muddy shallows."

The decadent realist, under cover of a pretended frankness in his treatment of life, attempts to titillate the lower emotions. His realism amounts to a sadistic sentimentality, a sort of pathological pleasure in the grossness of human nature. He focusses his attention on the remnants of bestiality that should have been sloughed off in the evolutionary process. Meredith criticized the corrupted realism of one of the continental decadents in a paragraph that is overwritten but vigorous and final:

I have gone through the horrible book of Mèndes, with the sensation of passing down . . . into the rat-rioting sewers, twisted, whirled, tumbled amid the frothing filth, the deadly stench, the reek and roar of the damned. Cloacina sits on such productions; Dementia, born of the Nameless, dissects them. Nigh the end of it, Zola seemed to me a very haven, Maupassant a garden. Who reads must smell putrid for a month . . . It is the monsterization of Zolaism. O what a nocturient, cacaturient crew has issued of the lens of the Sun of the mind on the lower facts of life!—on sheer Realism, breeder at best of the dung-fly!

And then, returning to his original enemy, Meredith said: "Yet has that Realism been a corrective of the more corruptingly vapourous with its tickling hints at sensuality. It may serve ultimately in form of coprolite to fatten poor soil for better produce."

Meredith, then, defined in terms of sentimentalism the literature which distorts life. For sentimentalism is nature seen through the warped view of the egoist. The primitive being, faced with a struggle for life in a world of competing individuals, at length comes to look at nature as an enemy. His whole outlook on life is distorted by a fear of external circumstances.

As earth moves toward spiritual realization, primitive man undergoes a refining process which produces the social egoism that is the distinguishing trait of the sentimentalist. The pure egoist may be unaware of spiritual considerations, but the sentimentalist is always aware of them, and keenly. In his self-centred striving, however, he distorts them to his own uses; he attempts to avoid the self-sacrifice that is the ultimate implica-

tion of a spiritual regard for nature: a merging of the individual in the natural evolution. Hence he is a hypocrite, consciously or unconsciously.

In other words, the sentimentalist utilizes spirit not only to nourish his pride but also to cover up the fact that he is afraid to pay the penalty of his perverse desires. He removes spirit from its natural setting in the growing earth, and converts it into food and clothing for the body of abnormal selfishness that is his expression of himself in society.

In art, as in life, sentimentalists seek to satisfy their passions at the expense of their honesty. They would keep literature in "the whirly pool of turbid stuff dishonouring history". They would convert literature into a rose-mist concealing facts or into a drab and insistent exhibition of the lowest realities.

Thus there are really two romanticisms, one false, fantastic, kaleidoscopic: a strained and hypocritical smoothing-over; the other truly imaginative and ideal: a spontaneous heightening of reality. There are two realisms, one exaggerated, nasty-minded, and blind; the other in and of nature. In literature Meredith held to the last method as best. Even true romanticism must be used only when reality presents itself in a sublimity for which the words and thoughts of angels are the necessary expression.

I believe that George Meredith could have said valuable things to T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, H. L. Mencken, and Seward Collins. But I cannot suppose that any of them, with the possible exception of Collins, would have had an ear for him. Such is the penalty for having a point of view broader than the crack through which the average critic peers at the world. Meredith asks of us that we come out-of-doors.

by *W. E. Collin*

## T. S. ELIOT THE CRITIC

**I**F we can overcome our prejudices and overlook the fashions of a past age or look beyond the fashions of our own we may be able to see a piece of literature as it really is and judge it on its intrinsic merits. Mr. T. S. Eliot has tried to put his finger on our prejudices and teach us to see the object as it really is. We may regard him as a type of the pure or ascetic critic. Such a critic's most valuable instrument is his faculty to perceive; his apparatus, a test-tube, a pair of callipers and a box of weights. What he says about impure critics is: they are not analysts, they have no dissociative faculty, they are impressionists.

Mr. Eliot avoids our heroes in order to make out a case for the poets we do not care about by showing us that we have motes in our eyes. The Eliot operation is to remove these motes to enable us to see the good in "such diverse people" as those mentioned by Hulme. It is first of all a question of putting us right on a variety of things, of clearing away rubbish, after the manner of Arnold and Julien Benda. This is rather irritating work.

"The way in which we instinctively judge things we take to be the inevitable way of judging things." Gourmont, Hulme and Eliot are all agreed, then, that we must destroy the "inevitable" character of this way of judging. We must rid ourselves of those canons of satisfaction left to us as an inheritance from the nineteenth century: a belief in certain "subjects of poetry", in emotions considered to be poetic, based on a "partial perception of Shakespeare and Milton", that is, sublimity of theme and action. After the operation we shall no longer feel a repugnance to the "material" of Dryden's poetry, we shall admire the caricature; we shall feel a pleasure in the highest fanciful poetry of Marlowe, in the intellectual poetry of the metaphysical poets away from the sentimental, dreamy, imaginative poetry of Shelley and Tennyson. And we shall discover lost treasures which ought never to have been lost, the chief of them is wit.

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<sup>1</sup>*The Sacred Wood*. Methuen. 1920.

The fact of the matter is that a certain dissociation of sensibility set in in the seventeenth century and, as Hulme would say, everything followed from that. Dryden and Milton obtained their effects through magniloquence; and after them language became more refined and sentimental but feeling became cruder. That is Mr. Eliot's diagnosis, and the obvious treatment is one that tends towards a unification of refined thought and refined shades of feeling. We are now in the mood to concede that Romanticism was a digression and that the metaphysical poets are in the direct line with the Elizabethans. The later Elizabethans and the earlier Jacobeans are our greatest poets because they could "devour any kind of experience", because they had a "hold on human values, a firm grasp of human experience", because "their mode of feeling was directly and freshly altered by their reading and thought", and because they could "recreate thought into feeling". Eliot agrees with Arnold that the romanticists at the beginning of the nineteenth century "did not know enough", did not read enough, we suppose, or did not have a rich and abundant communication with life; but we do not believe that he would go as far as Arnold and suggest that Gray was a poet because he knew the Greeks. However, Mr. Eliot does insist that a poet ought to be aware of all that has preceded him, and that wide knowledge will naturally make his poetry rich in imagery. Moreover, poetry made up of images offers little trouble to the analyst; it breaks up readily into bright dominant emotions with their becoming trains of floating feelings. The related feelings simply float into the poet's ken from the storehouse of his reading and experience. And these are the things Mr. Eliot tries to discover in an author, because they contain curious analogies, capricious, sudden and baroque combinations, they vitalize language and make possible fun, wit, and satire. The poet, Mr. Eliot suggests, is a catalyst whose mind functions like the filament of platinum which, when introduced into a chamber containing oxygen and sulphur makes the gases combine to form sulphurous acid. Arnold would not use that illustration, nor Remy de Gourmont, nor were they likely to make an observation like this (Taine might if he had been living to-day): "the development of blank verse may be

likened to the analysis of that astonishing industrial product coal-tar." But Eliot believes in nothing so much as surprise.

Let us bring industrial chemistry into criticism and watch its effects when applied to a particular author or work. First of all we must remark that the author or work has been misunderstood by other critics who have erred in their judgment because they based it on faults or vices instead of merit. Our task will be to discover merit. What we have to do is to isolate the essential quality of the work, and then—as Arnold and Mr. Eliot would both have us see literature whole—put it against other works containing a similar quality, and finally make a statement or judgment, or establish a comprehensive definition or law. Mr. Eliot has carried out these experiments up and down literature for many years and has collected and labelled innumerable specimens of seriousness, restraint, quietness or proportion of tone, equipoise, gusto, taste, precision, elegance, rhetoric, erudition, cynicism, crudeness, completeness, and that quality of all good poetry from Homer to Ezra Pound, surprise. If in his latest experiment he isolates, let us say, the element vitality, all he needs do is to consult his card-index and there under his thumb are a number of authors who may be trotted out and we are to believe that they are worth reading because of their vitality. Suppose Mr. Eliot elects to compare two poems, he may make a discovery such as this: "A curious result of the comparison of Morris's poem with Marvell's is that the former, though it appears to be more serious, is found to be slighter; and Marvell's *Nymph and the Fawn*, appearing more slight, is the more serious." That is where the box of weights has been used. We see, then, that whatever the merits of chemical criticism—and it has its merits—it may sometimes spend itself in a dialectic of vain words.

Dr. Johnson had a way of making dry, two-headed observations on literature as, for example: "To such a performance Suckling could have brought the gaiety, but not the knowledge; Dryden could have supplied the knowledge, but not the gaiety." Apparently Dr. Johnson kept a card-index. Again: "Of the Olym-

<sup>2</sup>*Homage to John Dryden.* 1924.

<sup>3</sup>*On Cowley.*



pic Ode, the beginning is, I think, above the original in elegance, and the conclusion below it in strength."<sup>4</sup> Does it not read like a piece of Eliot as, for example: "Dryden was great in wit, as Milton in magniloquence; but the former, by isolating this quality . . ." We wonder, too, if Mr. Eliot's definition of wit as "a tough reasonableness beneath the slight lyric grace" has the precision and concrete adequacy of Dr. Johnson's: "a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike."<sup>5</sup> Such a passion for definition leads Mr. Eliot, as it does Taine, to abstract the dominant power of an author or a period: "Dryden's unique merit consists in his ability to make the small into the great, the prosaic into the poetic, the trivial into the magnificent." "The poets of the seventeenth century possessed a mechanism of sensibility which could devour any kind of experience."

It is not difficult to imagine Mr. Eliot as an efficient young instructor in a laboratory with his little heaps of mixtures set out on white filter papers along the benches for his students. Here are some of the posers:

- i. Compare A with B and C and make report.
- ii. What has Congreve that is pertinent to our dramatic art?
- iii. Why are Holland, Underrowne, Nash and Marprelate still worth reading?
- iv. Why is the author of *Amos Barton* a more serious writer than Dickens and Stendhal more serious than either?
- v. Define the seriousness that we find in Villon's *Testament* which is conspicuously absent from *In Memoriam*. Make a list of works in which it is found and of others in which it is not found.

These exercises are undoubtedly a splendid training in perception; they clarify our notions. Science is nothing if it is not exact. We are dealing with substances, crystals, as it were, and quantities. We take no note of anything extraneous, mood, personality, anecdote; we shut our ears to considerations of the good, bad, beautiful and ugly. We examine the subjects and nothing but the subjects; if there is emotion in them we per-

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<sup>4</sup>ibid.

<sup>5</sup>ibid.

ceive it but we must not be moved by it, always bearing in mind that our business is to analyze critically, intellectually, to compare and contrast elements and determine their atomic weight. This, Mr. Eliot would say, is finding a meaning for Arnold's words: "It is the business of the critical power to see the object as it really is." Aristotle, then is the perfect critic, "he looked solely and steadfastly at the object".

The aim of such criticism, we understand, is to "return to the work of art with improved perception and intensified, because more conscious, enjoyment". "The end of the enjoyment of poetry is a pure contemplation from which all the accidents of personal emotion are removed." That is all very well put, but we feel that we have been cheated out of the work of art. We wonder what has happened to it. During our discussion of elements it seems to have escaped us, dissolved and disappeared. If there is anything left of it, it looks so tiny as to be almost insignificant and not worth the labour spent on it; a few precious drops. If we were Mr. Eliot's pupils we fear that he would praise us, if at all, for our skill as analysts and not first and foremost because we had discovered something really impotent. After all, what is the importance of all the specimens we have docketed? They have none except as ingredients in the work of art. Therefore we do not censure Mr. Eliot for going too far but for not going far enough. The great work has yet to be done. The great Poet-Catalyst produces something which is more than a heap of elements, more than a string of related feelings,—a unity which may be analyzed but which must be seen whole to be enjoyed. A poem is more than the sum of its parts; if it were not, any mathematician could be a poet—which is absurd. There is in a poem an element, if we may use the word again, of finality, of necessity which cannot be isolated by Mr. Eliot's reagents. It may not be found anywhere else but it is incontestably present in the best poetry. It is a secret between the poet and his masterpiece. If we wish ultimately to find it, we shall probably have to go to him for it. That is contrary to Mr. Eliot's hypothesis. But it is certain that we shall not discover it in the elements of his poetry alone or even in the pure contemplation of it; unless perchance we have a revelation of the creator.

Mr. Eliot's way of approach to a work of art is only one way, there are others; it is not satisfying nor is it the only kind of criticism possible in this bio-chemical age. The English psychologist and critic, Mr. I. A. Richards, has a mind perfectly organized to precipitate all manner of distinctions among literary specimens but he attacks the aim of the poem, the aim that Mr. Eliot ignores, "the whole state of mind, the mental condition, which in another sense is the poem. Roughly the collection of impulses which shaped the poem originally, to which it gave expression, and to which, in an ideally susceptible reader, it would again give rise."<sup>9</sup> The citation indicates the way along which criticism in our day is most likely to advance. Mr. Eliot's criticism is analytical and very salutary after the period of æsthetic and impressionistic criticism we have come through. It is not psycho-analytical, not psychological, as Paul Bourget's for example; he lacks supremely Bourget's catholicity of vision which can absorb every kind of literary experience.

Let us try to be just. Sometimes near a Carthusian monastery you may see the white-habited monks walking leisurely over the countryside. So Mr. Eliot sometimes leaves his laboratory to walk abroad. At such times he is able to study the *milieu* and the *moment* as factors in literature, the relation between the poetry and the philosophy of an epoch.<sup>7</sup> To these broader studies he brings a keen perception which is a rare and inestimable faculty in a critic. It is progress in the right direction. Hulme has shown the way.

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<sup>9</sup>I. A. Richards: *Practical Criticism*. Harcourt, Brace. 1929.

<sup>7</sup>"I have sought to set down the relation between the mysticism of Richard of St. Victor and the poetry of Dante on one hand, and sixteenth century mysticism and the poetry of John Donne on the other; and to point out that, from Dante to Donne, there is a difference in the conception of the soul and the body which corresponds to a difference between the philosophies of the two epochs." T. S. Eliot in *Chroniques*. Plon. Paris. 1927.

*by Mary Electa Kelsey*

## VIRGINIA WOOLF AND THE SHE-CONDITION

WHEN Orlando first awoke to find herself female, she accepted her metamorphosis from man to woman with perfect equanimity. For—after all—she was still herself, and whether she went clothed in ambassadorial hose or in crinolines really seemed to matter very little. Orlando, in fact, searching for Reality through three hundred years of existence, paid little attention to superficial distinctions. She was the last one to quibble when, say, an Archduchess turned out to be an Archduke. And, as Mrs. Woolf remarks in the book which bears Orlando's name, "In short, they acted the parts of man and woman for ten minutes with great vigor, and then fell into natural discourse."

In the light of such assertions and such a character, to accuse the author of anything so archaic as a preoccupation with feminism or sex-distinctions in general would seem paradoxical. For Orlando's whole experience seems merely another way of saying "There is very little difference between man and woman; a person is an individual, not a gender." And Mrs. Woolf herself inveighs specifically against the present state of sex-consciousness, thinking it "one of the tokens of the fully developed mind that it does not think specially or separately of sex". Why then connect the lady with what Byron calls a she-condition, or with a he-condition, or with any condition other than that of a vastly human being? (Supposing an artist can properly be called human.) Precisely because it is the feminine sides of life which motivate the greater part of Mrs. Woolf's fiction. The root of plot and character and setting reach deep into a rich feminine soil. Such a statement demands careful definition, for Mrs. Woolf's attitude is far from the polemics of traditional Feminism. From the ashes of those bitter conflicts has arisen a new conception of the whole problem, to which Mrs. Woolf gives a form and a voice.

I return for further definition to the convenient Orlando. After the first reassuring sense of her own permanent identity, she began to be aware of a subtle shifting in values and reactions. "What was said about there being no change in Orlando, the man, and Orlando, the woman, was ceasing to be altogether true"; she was beginning to be, for instance, a little more modest regarding her brains, a little more vain of her personal appearance. She was beginning to thrill to the deference of the gentleman, to feel that what the world expected of her and what she actually felt were far asunder, she was realizing entirely new relationships: "Lord, Lord", she cried in vexation, "Must I then begin to respect the opinion of the other sex, no matter how monstrous I think it?" Since this new mode of thought appears to be imposed from without, Orlando's creator perhaps intends to suggest that the whole huge difference is environmental and artificial. But she spends little time on whether the hen followed the egg (though she rather suspects the egg). For there is a deeper, a more fundamental aspect of the problem to intrigue her.

After a time spent in observing the peculiar limitations and privileges of the two conditions, together with their absurdities, Orlando forgot the whole question for a time, absorbed as she was by her poem. When, some decades later, she returned to the world from the Platonic regions, she led a strange ebb-and-flow existence; for sometimes her masculine habits predominated, and she went out adventuring in the night, clad after the best fashion of Beau Nash; and at other times, her femininity came uppermost, with a flip, and she gave tea to the wits, and rode in a creaking hackney coach with Mr. Pope. So that, what with her dual wardrobe and one thing and another, when she finally fell in love (in the Victorian age), she had some difficulty convincing her lover, Marmaduke Bonthorp Shelmerdine, that she was not in truth a man. And only the fact that he was at the same time disclaiming his own she-condition, and so heard little she said, ever brought to an end the astonishing protestation scene.

For Orlando was not *wholly* woman. Neither was she wholly man. And here is the crux of the matter, for in Orlando, Mrs. Woolf's ideal of the full developed human creature, both principles



existed—fused. She explains in *A Room of One's Own*, "Different though the sexes are, they intermix. In every human being, a vacillation from one sex to the other takes place". Not only that, but such duality is a necessity; "It is fatal to be a man or woman pure and simple; one must be woman-manly or man-womanly". For the mind, in order to accomplish its best work, must possess "some stimulus, some renewal of creative power which it is the gift only of the opposite sex to bestow".

Given, then, the two fundamental forces, together pervading both man and woman, yet sharply contrasted, Mrs. Woolf heartily sanctions the situation; for if two sexes are inadequate, considering the vastness and varieties of the world, how should we manage with one only?" And she goes on to propose that education emphasize rather than diminish the dissimilarities. Which brings us to the inevitable question of what *are* these same dissimilarities, and what are those qualities which Mrs. Woolf—more or less arbitrarily—calls "feminine". And here the pen sputters, the ink coagulates, and a foggy twilight descends of a sudden. One wishes that it were possible to turn one's back, lower the curtain, and describe, say, the progress of a snail, or the corroding passage of time, as Mrs. Woolf does in the novels.

But alas! here are no houses gradually decaying, no snails inching; here is nothing at all tangible but a word or two on a printed page, and the vague genie-shape of a Basic Conception. It is easy enough to define what, according to Mrs. Woolf, the "feminine" principle is not. It is not intellect as man defines intellect, it is not holding politics and the flag sacred, and clothes and parties frivolous. It is not egotism; it is not dispassionate observation; it is not love of power; it is not the cataloguing urge. Neither is it single-purposed or self-content or insensitive or simple. It is not, above all, such as it is described by Mr. Galsworthy or Mr. Wells, against whom Mrs. Woolf is carrying on a select private war.

It is likewise easy to say: this-and-this-and-this Mrs. Woolf classes with the feminine force. Emotion—perceptivity—complexity—profusion—infinite capacity for suffering—chaos—beauty itself, and the reverberation beauty creates in the mind—extraordinary receptivity to sensuous impression. But all this is very far from rational definition—all this is acutely "feminine"! For,

and here is the crux of the matter, the "feminine" is made up of all the delicate, the indefinable, the impalpable elements of existence; it is the surge of feeling as opposed to the balance of intelligence; it is mystery, not clarity; spirit, not matter. It is the transfiguring light that distinguishes one experience from another, happening from experience; it is poetry, not prose, life itself before thought has shaped it. The "feminine" is universal and yet transitory, and it can be expressed only by brittle half-phrases, symbols, poetry. Mrs. Dalloway is the very type of femininity; it is her gift "to be; to exist; to sum it all up in the moment as she passed", and Peter felt "What is this terror? What is this ecstasy? . . . What is it that fills me with extraordinary excitement? 'It is Clariss,' he said, 'for there she was'." The feminine lies in the "tremors and gleams" of living; in "half-crown tickets out of London on Sundays, and singing in a dark chapel hymns about death, and anything that interrupts and confounds the tapping of typewriters and the filing of letters, the forging of locks and chains binding the empire together"; "air above, air below, and the moon, and immortality"; the "light in the heart". Reaction to such phrases is itself "feminine". the "feminine" is the indefinable; the "feminine" is spirit.

That Mrs. Woolf's books should be built for and upon this side of existence seems peculiarly striking, for her own mind is, I think, more manly-womanly than woman-manly. Or perhaps it is not peculiar, but natural, that one sex-principle should be primarily interested in the other. At any rate—here is Mrs. Woolf, possessed of as keen a critical mind, as masculine a wit, as any purely male writer of the day. Yet, in her creative work she interests herself in "feminine" manifestations; yet she herself reacts to "feminine" phases in a "feminine" way. It is difficult to obtain much information explanatory of such a situation. One biographical skeleton and *Who's Who* yields a few revealing facts, such as that Virginia Woolf was born in 1891, married in 1915, and published her first novel, *The Voyage Out*, when she was twenty-four. Besides this, various sources yield a hash of disconnected facts. She is the youngest daughter of that keen, eighteenth-century-minded gentleman, Sir Leslie Stephen, and she is related to half the literature of England—

the Darwins, the Maitlands, the Symonds, the Stracheys; her father's first wife was the daughter of Thackeray; her sister Vanessa married Clive Bell; E. M. Forster is her close friend. The atmosphere of her home must have been saturated with the glow of all that is finest and mellowest in English culture and letters, all the wealth of thirty generations of humor and thought and splendid, leisurely living. So much is obvious. It is also impossible to ascertain that Mrs. Woolf's husband, Leonard Woolf, was trained in the Ceylon Civil Service, upon the strength of which experience he has ventured a mediocre novel, *The Village in the Jungle*. He is interested in labor, and writes voluminously of Coöperative Industry and Economic Imperialism, and other "masculine" manifestations, in the more respectable polemical magazines. He is literary editor of the *London Nation*, and he and his wife, in partnership, own and manage the Hogarth Press.

So much for salient fact. Beyond this, we know only that Virginia Woolf observed the Suffrage agitation closely, and that she is very tired of it. We also have it from reliable sources that she has lived through the War. And that is all.

But "that" is really enough—especially since Mrs. Woolf asserts easily, apropos of Orlando, that "every quality of a writer's mind, every secret of his soul, every experience of his life, is written large in his works". So, confident that we shall know All, we approach her books.

Getting the critical works out of our way at one sweep, it may be said that they evidence a wide reading, a truly formidable amount of erudition. The brilliant, swift, little articles cover almost every period in the history of English literature. They are written in a facile, rippling style, worthy of their tradition. Here is the masculine Virginia Woolf: a mind possessing keenness of penetration, lucidity of expression, balance and sanity of judgment, and an amazing swiftness. It is a mind saturated with respect for all thought, with an amazing sense of the vitality of the past. It is a mind of direct perceptions and relentless logic. The clear, dry light of the Eighteenth Century pervades all.

But when one turns to the novels, all is darkness, all is con-

fusion. The trumpets blow, and Orlando awakes a woman. From now on, swift is the stream, and rather muddy, and sometimes one wonders just where it is flowing, and whether it really can be flowing all the same way. Here the motivation is complex to a degree, for it may be termed "feminine" in a double sense. In the first place, Mrs. Woolf's masculine side is keenly aware that there are many aspects of woman's life and character—"vast chambers nobody has yet seen"—with which literature has never dealt. She is even a little bewildered by the enormity of this fresh material, ready to hand, and to be had for the labor of expressing it. She admits as much in *A Room of One's Own*, but she goes on to assert her desire to light these regions that are now "all half lights and profound shadows", because no one had recorded them for the good of the world. In the second place, the works are "feminine" in the sense of being themselves "intangible" in their effect. And here enters Mrs. Woolf's own "feminine" side, of which little has been said so far, but of which much must be said. For while that masculine function which we will, for convenience, henceforth call William, perceives the material and sets out to employ it in a rational manner and for a high aim, the feminine power, whose name be Cassandra, senses the material, vibrates to a thousand shades and subtleties of existence, is intoxicated by the perfume of the moment, and must spread out in words her sense of its inexplicable significance or its appalling cruelty. And through all the books, the two work together, William originating all these theories, Cassandra living their truth, and by her delicate power of expression, conveying its sense to others. This partnership makes what Henry James called "that particular thing they have written most *for*" take on great complexity. For William and Cassandra are fulfilling separate functions. His is the true explorer's, the true humanitarian zeal, hers the poet's insatiable craving for what she calls "the divine relief of communication". William delights in taking the facts Cassandra has seen and felt and torn out of things, and relating them to each other; in stating the nature of that relation and in bringing it all, and Heaven and earth into conformity with Cassandra's vision. So the two principles work together, the analyst and the artist, the philosopher and the poet. Mrs. Woolf thinks as a "man" she has felt as a

"woman"; she records those feelings in an impalpable, "feminine" way, so that they educe "feminine" emotions from the reader.

Mrs. Woolf investigates certain sides of women's lives and characters that have been little employed in fiction. Here, as a rule, William is in the ascendancy, writing *about* women rather than *as* a woman. William is immensely interested, for instance, in the relations of women with women; from Cassandra's experience, he knows that there are enormous possibilities here. Contrary to threadbare "masculine" opinion, women seldom hate, and are never indifferent to another. In all former fiction, William informs us in *A Room of One's Own*, "all the relationships between women were too simple"—"So much has been left out, unattempted". Only woman's relation with man has been shown "and how small a part of a woman's life is that!" Accordingly, William and Cassandra investigate, in *To the Lighthouse*, Lily Briscoe's affection for Mrs. Ramsey, an affection which comes in wave-crests, with hollows between of seeing Mrs. Ramsey critically, detachedly, indifferently. They set down the "unrecorded gestures, the unsaid or half-said words", the sudden flashes of comprehension when Lily's eyes meet Mrs. Ramsey's across the dining table; they record Mrs. Ramsey's telegraphic suggestion "Do be nice to the young man on your right!". This sort of analysis continues in each of the other books. There is Mrs. Dalloway, brushing her hair, in ecstasy because Sally Seton's being under the same roof gives to every detail a "tinge like a blush". There is Mrs. Flanders of *Jacob's Room*, "plotting the eternal conspiracy of brush and clean bottles" with the servant girl, and during *The Voyage Out*, there is Helen taking her niece Rachel "in hand", and there are Orlando's friendly visits to the women of the town, and the terrible, miserable devotion of the unattractive Miss Killman to Mrs. Dalloway's daughter, Elizabeth.

The contents of a woman's mind, only sketchily described before, interest William and thrill Cassandra. Not that a catalogue of a feminine stream of consciousness at any given moment would yield many more elements than the analysis of a man's, perhaps; but that the levels of consciousness are stratified differently; the emphasis falls in a different place, falls in more



places. There is less concentration on some central purpose, less subconscious eliminating of the misty border-impressions, less conscious rejecting of the "trivial". Time and again, Mrs. Woolf (for when she describes or exclaims, William and Cassandra telescope into one), Mrs. Woolf catalogues the mazy-crazy mixture in the mind of some woman. For instance, Mrs. Flanders, Jacob's mother, reading her love-letter, thinks of the fish for dinner, and the subsequent fish-cakes tomorrow, and whether she had better call to Rebecca about the cheese in the hall; and she remembers Sealbrook, her dead husband, and watches her little boy chasing geese, and wishes he wouldn't, and disapproves of red-haired men, and wonders why the curate wrote the letter she is all the time taking into her mind. And William muses on this *mélange*, remarking: "Who shall deny that this blankness of mind, when combined with profusion, mother-wit, old wives' tales, haphazard ways, moments of astonishing daring, humor, and sentimentality, who shall deny that in these respects every woman is nicer than any man?"

There is yet another she-region unexplored: woman's feeling for man, which has nearly always been described from a masculine viewpoint. Overmuch has been said about the heights of love or the depths of fury, but what here interests Mrs. Woolf is that warm, quizzical little explosion of affection any woman can feel for any man, that instinctive thing people *will* persist in calling "maternal". It is this that William wants to get down so that men shall understand it, and not mock and misinterpret; and Cassandra likes the flavor of it on her tongue. In *Jacob's Room*, there is Timmy's head against the sail, "spelling out quite correctly his page of the eternal lesson-book, would have moved a woman. Jacob, of course, was not a woman. The sight of Timothy Durrant was not sight for him, nothing to set against the sky and worship". Again, "women would have felt, 'Here is law. Here is order: Therefore we must cherish this man. He is on the Bridge at night', and, handing him his cup, or whatever it might be, would run off visions of shipwreck and disaster." And Mrs. Flanders liked him for "the very careless, indifferent, sublime manner he had of talking to railway guides and porters". Cassandra herself is caught up by Jacob's pipe: "And forever the beauty of young men seems to be set in smoke, however

lustily they chase footballs or drive cricket balls, dance, run, or stride along roads".

Then there is the beauty of women, which has been by men so standardized. But to Cassandra it is "like the light on the sea, never constant to a single wave. They all have it . . .". William is interested in seeing the subjective rather than the objective attitude towards this intermittent phenomenon; and so Mrs. Woolf describes "that involuntary smile that women smile when their own beauty, which seems not their own, forms like a drop falling or a fountain rising, and confronts them all of a sudden in the glass". Just so Orlando watched herself in her mirror, and then put on three dresses, one after another, for no reason whatever, finally ending up with crimson and pearls, the sight of which sent her up to London at once, "in search of Life and a Lover".

It has long been tacitly asserted that woman should be a kind of spiritual service-station, where man may restock with the commodities of enthusiasm, ambition, and the sense of power. William wonders whether there is anything in the theory, and he investigates it in the light of Cassandra's experience—across the stream from the viewpoint usually taken. In *To the Lighthouse*, Mrs. Woolf describes how the service-station feels about it; Mrs. Ramsey, a little wearily, with infinite pain, re-vamps the world for her philosopher-husband: "It was sympathy he wanted, to be assured of his genius, first of all, and then to be taken within the circle of life, warmed and soothed, to have his senses restored to him, his barrenness made fertile and all the rooms of the house made full of life . . . he must be assured that he too lived in the heart of life; was needed". And her little boy, who sat by watching jealously, "felt all her strength flowing up to be drunk and quenched by the beak of brass". After Mrs. Ramsey's death, Lily Briscoe felt sulky and rebellious when she sensed Mr. Ramsey tacitly asking the same sort of service from her; and it was not until he turned childishly pleased, all of a sudden, at her praise of his boots, that she really wanted to give him anything at all. And then it was too late; he needed nothing; being the possessor of such superlative boots was enough. Even as early as *The Voyage Out*, Mrs. Woolf was intrigued by this problem, and so Helen on the ship brought

order out of chaos for an harassed professor, who was upset by being considered as merely one of a group. And out of herself went an impalpable something that would never return. Yes—William decides—sometimes this taken-for-granted she-function has its effect on the service-station itself.

But it is not only woman, as woman, that Mrs. Woolf dissects. It is in the feminine principle itself, in any manifestation of it whatever, be it encased in male or female wrappings. And these different values are observable both in Mrs. Woolf's selection of incident and detail, and in her omission of what would ordinarily be considered literary material. The regions of light and shade are quite other than one knows them in the fictional worlds of Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bennett. It is a queer wonderland sort of world indeed, until one's eyes become accustomed to the new diffused light.

The important emphasis, it seems, does *not* fall on politics on statesmanship or business or convention or morals or divorce or labor or trade or the Church or honor or property; not one of these laudable institutions appears in the novels. Moving principles are ascendant, rather than time-famed, conventional, habitual symbols, "For the emotion so deep, so subtle, so symbolic to a man moves a woman to wonder . . . Kipling's officers who turn their backs . . . the Flag". And War and Love appear only secondarily, in the single aspect of their effect on some one. That this should be true, what with Sir Leslie's patriotism, and Leonard Woolf's economic imperialism, and Virginia Woolf's Johnsonian intellect, and one thing and another, argues for the novels a strong dominance of Cassandra over William. Thus, where the "feminine" sides of life dominate in the books—for relief or altruism or amusement or whatever—all the old emphases depart. And what takes their place? Why—a thousand "valuable" things. Along with a thousand that probably would be valuable, only Cassandra cannot quite crystalize them. But they all have to do with what she calls "the deeper reality underlying the scenic". She values either the emotion itself, the swift flight of the spirit, the flavor of the moment, or some detail that seems in some way to indicate them, to leave a clue on the path in the baffling pursuit of truth. "For, Heaven knows why, just as we have lost faith in human intercourse,

some random collocation of barns and trees, or a haystack and a wagon presents us with so perfect a symbol of what is unattainable that we begin the search again." For, as Orlando discovered, "truth is various; truth comes to us in different disguises; it is not with the intellect alone that we perceive it." Cassandra perceives it through her senses, her emotions, her lonely musings. These are the things that are important. Not acting—but searching, feeling, meditating; here the accent falls.

First, and most strongly accented, there is the creative process; an intangible manifestation in which *Orlando* was so much absorbed that she failed to notice "that stupid invention" the ("masculine") steam-engine. Mrs.-Woolf-entire feels its importance fully, and any alteration in it is so important to her that she is moved to remark, in *A Room of One's Own*, "If I were re-writing history, I should describe it more fully, and think it of greater importance, than the Crusades or the Wars of the Roses". In *Orlando*, she proceeds to describe the process as regards both the development of the individual creative mind, and of the creative mind through the ages. And then, not content with this little project, she endeavors to re-create the flavor of life which is so different in the various centuries, suggesting that those differences are created by artists and that people in general perceive the world as literature teaches them to perceive it. As, in *Orlando*, the Elizabethans sang of pleasure, "and what the poets said in rhyme, the young translated into practice." That William, with his background of wide reading and keen thinking, with his scholarly heritage and his enormous veneration for letters, should have desired to emphasize the creative is very natural. That Cassandra should have felt its fascination was inevitable; for she had *lived* it all. She, too, like her prototype Orlando, had been "haunted . . . ever since I was a child. There flies the wild goose" (her symbol of Reality, or Truth). "But the goose flies too fast . . . always it flies out to sea, and always I fling after it words like nets . . . which shrivel as I've seen nets shrivel drawn on deck with only seaweed in them. And sometimes there's an inch of silver—six words—in the bottom of the net. But never the great fish who lives in the coral groves." Cassandra knows! When one compares the steady, prolific flow of critical articles into the magazines with the small number of

Mrs. Woolf's creative works, one realizes that they must be wrung out of her with all the agony, all the "appalling effort", all the "cardinal labor of composition, which is excision", all the delicate transactions with the Spirit of the Age, in short, with all the arduous, long, beautiful process she analyzes so carefully in *Orlando*. "If anything comes through in spite of all this, it is a miracle, and probably no book is born entire and uncrippled as it was conceived." For here again it is no "masculine" "articles by Nick Greene or John Donne, nor eight-hour bills, nor covenants, nor factory acts that matter." It is the spiritual aspect of creation, "something useless, sudden, violent; something that costs a life; red, blue, purple; a spirit; a splash; like those hyacinths . . . free from taint, dependence."—As *Orlando* thought, writing is "something wild as wind, hot as fire, swift as lightning; something errant, incalculable, abrupt." There is a profusion of such passages of pure poetry, unbearably quotable: "A silly song of Shakespeare has done more for the poor and the wicked than all the preachers and philanthropists in the world". And yet the whole heart-breaking matter is as tangible as "a voice answering a voice".

The primary importance of people is not, of course, a particularly "feminine" emphasis. But what interests Mrs. Woolf within human beings is, first, their intolerable mystery and then all those parts of them that are on the borderland of various levels of consciousness between body and spirit. She exposes not the immemorial masculine aspects of the characters—their actions, their speech, their conscious thoughts, even if subconsciously influenced—but the depths of their natures, which it is too difficult fully to explore.

It is this very difficulty which so fascinates Cassandra in the first place, being itself misty and "feminine", and it is this difficulty of which she tries to impart the sense. Figure after rhetorical figure she creates in the effort. We gaze on ourselves in a glass, she says: "suppose the glass smashes and there remains only that shell of a person which is seen by people. What an airless, shallow, bold, prominent world it becomes!" (This in *Monday or Tuesday*). For people see but one person, whereas there are innumerable personalities in every individual: "How many different people are there not, Heaven help us, all having



lodgement at one time in the human spirit!" she cries apropos of one of Orlando's vagrancies. For everyone in Mrs. Woolf's world can say "Come, come, I am sick of this particular self, I want another". In *Mrs. Dalloway*, as in *Orlando*, Cassandra tries to give a sense of how these various selves come to the surface one after another, and of the dartlike, concentrated self that emerges "when some effort, some call on her to be herself, drew the parts together, she alone knew how different, how incompatible . . .". So, with all those warring people beneath the surface, is it any wonder that we can never know each other! The melancholy fact is painful and delicious to Cassandra. We are like a book, she says, of which others see only the title. The "soul, fishlike, inhabits deep seas, and plies among obscurities". I have in my possession no less than thirty-four quotations, all of them poetic, most of them figurative, all expressing the ineffable mystery of the human soul. Mrs. Woolf, gives here, as she says, in *The Common Reader*, Euripides gives, "not the thing itself, but the reverberation and reflection, which, taken into the mind, the thing has made", and she tries to reflect that reflection, again, in the individual minds before her.

Mrs. Woolf, in her selection of "feminine" aspects of character, concentrates on no particular impalpability, but describes now one, now another quality of the spirit. The aspect of *Jacob* which does appear, besides his impenetrability, is a queer level of mind not exactly subconscious, yet certainly not in the nature of conscious thought. What we continually sense is something like that steady, halfconscious drive that forces man to search, to explore, to pursue furiously—what? One never quite knows. We remain in the room where is this forward drive; the incidents and thoughts of Jacob's life go on outside, and we watch them with a more or less detached interest. Here, within, is the pervasive urge, which incites mankind to experiment, to probe, to aspire. And perhaps mankind finds something, and perhaps it does not. Perhaps mankind's self, Jacob, never reaches the point of knowing for what he strives. Perhaps a war comes on, and leaves Jacob's mother wondering what to do with an old pair of shoes. In which case, one salves one's pain with a "feminine" and poetic bit of emotion and some "masculine" reflection, rolled into the one beauty of: "in any case, life is but a procession of

shadows, and God knows why it is we embrace them so eagerly, and see them depart with such anguish, being shadows."

The emotions of these people would seem to William illogical on the face of it, did not Cassandra throw on them the flood-light of her sympathetic perception. The feeling the people seem to derive from some detail, some event, appears wholly disproportionate to the event itself. The "downright misery" which Mrs. Dalloway's friend, Peter, could feel at the sight of ugliness, came also to Mrs. Flanders, Jacob's mother, as she gazed at an old sheep skull; Cassandra herself feels it when a tailless cat crosses a court or a woman stands in a doorway. In *Street Haunting*, she recreates this sensation of spiritual toothache: "at such sights the nerves of the spine seem to stand erect; a sudden fire is brandished in our eyes; a question is asked which is never answered." On numberless such twilight sensations and feelings the emphasis falls: the desire for cessation and peace; the queer hypnagogic state between sleep and waking; sickness; the back-of-the-mind sense of people all about, of the world going on in its complexity, of simultaneous happening; the "thin threads" that attach people to each other for a while after they have been together; the "lapse in the tides of the body" when morning and afternoon meet; the vague sense of flattery at another's failure; the "delicious tremor" at words of praise; the uncomfortable embarrassment when a Sally Seton mentions forbidden things at table, or an Archduke becomes sentimental; the feeling towards the dead, after the flux of grief; the magical, subtle effects of person on person, so disproportionate to anything they say or do, so fatal, so lasting. Cassandra is fond of listening "with all her ears, not entirely to what was being said, but to the murmur or current behind it." When a Jacob or a Nick Green talks, we seldom hear words; we feel only the flavor of the discussion; the sensations of the borderland are ours.

In the conscious mind, there appear strange combinations of perception, "feminine" melanges of thought and sensation unusual to literature, but not, Mrs. Woolf would have us feel, to life—especially not to "feminine" life. The inevitable coupling of ultimate joy and ultimate sorrow; the inexplicable breath of sadness which accompanies beauty; and all emotions which touch and merge are part and parcel of her people. Jacob, watching

the Cornish hills, felt that "loveliness is infernally sad . . . one remembers the overpowering sorrow." That is Cassandra's own perception. "Sorrow, sorrow," she sings, "Joy, Joy! Woven together like reeds in moonlight!" And again "The beauty of the world which is so soon to die has two edges, one of laughter, one of anguish, cutting the heart asunder". And so Cassandra, afflicted with the spiritual exhibitionism of the artist, shows the universal scar.

Because of the deep and irresistible emotion they conjure out of the unknown, details are newly emphasized. The most unexpected, impudent details. Parties, for instance. Mrs. Dalloway, and Mrs. Ramsey in *To the Lighthouse*, needed "people, always people," to make them complete. "People in Kensington and in Bayswater and Mayfair . . . and she felt continuously their existence; and she felt what a waste, and she felt what a pity; and she felt if they could only be brought together; so she did it. And it was an offering; to combine, to create . . ."

Details, details, details—enormous, petty, vital details. Clothes, for instance; and clocks striking, and lighthouses and dragonflies and glass baskets of fruit in candle light, and tailless cats, and the business of furnishing a house, and Ralph Lyon beating back a curtain as it blew out, and the ordering of Bartlett pears. All enormously significant, astoundingly potent. The insipid term "Dear, Dear!", for instance: "What a passing bell for the souls of the fretful to soothe them and solace them, lap them in linen, saying, 'So-long. Good luck to you.'" Even the simple fact of entering a room: "Whole flights of words would need to wing their way illegitimately into existence before a woman could say what happens when she goes into a room." Emphatic details.

And Time—the simple passage of time is of enormous import. Time is not as contributing to some other element—Time not as a slave, but as a dominant interest, as the thing itself. It is one of the more salient verities—why make it subordinate to incidents which pass, to people who die? So just Time itself, and the changes which materialize its passage, occupy many of Mrs. Woolf's pages. Cassandra, responsive as she is to sense impression, could not fail of being strangely fascinated by places without people. And William loves the technical side of this representation. The significant action in *Mrs. Dalloway* takes

place in a single day; that in *Orlando* in a few hundred years. In *Jacob's Room*, a whole night goes by, and one marks it by the enumeration of noises. In *To the Lighthouse*, it is years that pass over the vacant house, while breezes sway curtains, little corrosive airs eat at fabric and surface, spiders weave, and the Lighthouse beam explores the vacant room. Happenings in the family are told in staccato parentheses here and there, without at all breaking into the sense of the delectably gliding years.

In *Orlando*, Mrs. Woolf again emphasizes spirit over matter, fantastic over logical truth, when she remarks upon the extraordinary discrepancy between time on the clock and time in the mind: "When a man has reached thirty, time when he is thinking becomes inordinately long, time when he is doing becomes inordinately short—some weeks add a century to his age, others no more than three seconds at the most." Upon this "feminine" hypothesis is built the entire story, Orlando growing from thirty to thirty-six years of age in the three hundred years of his-her existence. Reality of the spirit, as opposed to reality of detail, is the high aim.

It is the same way with a thousand other impalpable and "feminine" aspects in the books. These things of the spirit, so universally felt, which have belonged more to the poet than to the novelist are by Mrs. Woolf emphasized. The queer cross-current of the mind; the sudden flashes of light of gloom where nothing tangible or explainable is; the subtle, baffling quality that makes of one experience an event, while an exactly similar experience evaporates from the mind like moisture in the desert; in the inexplicable transfiguring forces; the dark places of psychological interaction; the colors, salts, tones of existence that lie beside and all about mere fact; all the interminable list of the intangible—all this, Mrs. Woolf tries to reproduce. Like Lily Briscoe, what she has tried "to get hold of was that very jar on the nerves, the thing itself before it has been made anything." Orlando wondered, at first, why he could not merely describe the sky as blue and the grass as green, and thus preserve his integrity. But looking (as few poets do) at the thing itself, he discovered that the sky was like "the veil a thousand Madonnas have let fall from their hair, and the grass fleets and darkens like a flight of girls fleeing the embraces of satyrs . . ." And who

shall say that the one aspect is more actual than the other? Not William! Not Cassandra! (Although they *do* prefer the Madonna veils and the nymphs to blue and green unadorned.)

Enter, here, the Spirit of the Age, bringing in its train whole barges full of Stream of Consciousness Novelists, of Impressionists and Expressionists and Vorticists and Fantasists and Painters of Abstractions, all endeavoring to express the inexpressible, to give form to the formless, with all Cassandra's eagerness and all William's critical interest. But Mrs. Woolf has managed to compromise with the Spirit of her Age quite as successfully as did Orlando. The transaction is "one of infinite delicacy, and upon a nice arrangement [of it] . . . the whole future of [her] works depends." Mrs. Woolf has been, no doubt, wafted towards her absorption with the "feminine" or spiritual sides of life, in some degree by the trends of the age, which lead away from detail-for-detail's sake, from fact-for-fact's sake. But she has managed to remain herself for all that, with her own theories and methods and conceptions. Mrs. Woolf has kept to those emotions and reactions to which her Cassandra-side responds instinctively; she has outlined entirely the "feminine" aspect of such experiences as she has never felt, of situations with which she has no sympathy. The one-sided world thus created feels a bit strange, until one remembers that selection is the essence of any art. Mrs. Woolf is connected with the "she-condition": namely, in the very deepest wells of her own subconscious purpose. In those underlying places below rational or even instinctive recognition, every writer's ruthless aim is to justify his perception and conception of things, and to force people to see as he sees, perhaps to see *why* he sees. It is the crying need of the individual to prove the existence of his own world, in a life of bewildering variety and of deceiving appearances. In this "life is like that" connotation, he sets forth his idea of living by creating a little model world, governed by his own selections from the actual universal laws (if such there be). And it is here, in this fundamental phase, that Mrs. Woolf's conception of life still seems to conform to her own definition of "the feminine". All the points previously discussed are, of course, integral parts of her basic conception of life, as well as illustrations thereof. But speaking more generally, one can say: to her, living is enormous-



ly complex, enormously difficult; it is not simple, it is not logical, it is not focussed on one point, as she conceives "masculine" phenomena to be. There are myriad elements, all churning and turning and frothing and surging, and the wonder is that anything ever rises clearly to the top, long enough to be defined, for everything is somehow inextricably mingled with everything else. Life is mysterious, indefinable. The most one can do with explanation is something like this: (*Monday or Tuesday*) "Life's what you see in people's eyes; life's what they learn, and, having learnt it, never, though they seek to hide it, cease to be aware of—what? That life's like that, it seems". And people can never know one another, and one seeks a lifetime for one does not know what, as Jacob did, and then . . .

But what's it worth? What's the value of it? Is there none? Oh, yes—an enormous value. That's where the "feminine" principle comes in, for the value is intangible, and never, never perceived with the intellect. Impalpable it is, and fleeting. Never to be possessed, it yet pauses for a moment here, there, in inopportune places; Mrs. Woolf calls it Reality. Reality is that for which we seek; it gives meaning to life, and beauty and satisfaction. But as to what it is—"A thing there was that mattered; a thing wreathed about with chatter, defaced, obscured . . . people felt the impossibility of reaching the centre which, mystically, evaded them; closeness drew apart; rapture faded, one was alone". "Whether we call it life, or spirit, truth or reality, this, the essential thing, has moved off, or on . . . Yet there it has been, and life is again worth while, for whatever it (Reality) touches, it fixes and makes permanent. That's what remains after the skin of the day has been cast into the hedge."

And any experience, any perception thus pointed, thus transfigured, is worth life itself; here, in living intensely in the moment, in sensing Reality, in holding it to one's heart, is value—infinite value. By this feeling of significance is the incident and the world itself "stabilized, stamped like a coin indelibly, among a million that slip by imperceptibly". Each one of the novels is reducible to a series of such Pater-like moments: Orlando lies under the oak tree, feeling "the earth's spine beneath him . . . something which he could attach his floating heart to; the heart that tugged at his side"; Elizabeth Dalloway is suddenly *aware*,

as she comes through a Kensington crowd, so that "what lay slumbering, clumsy and shy on the mind's sandy floor" was stimulated "as a child suddenly stretches its arms; it was just that, perhaps, a sigh, a stretch of the arms, an impulse, a revelation, which has its effects forever . . ." Mrs. Dalloway herself is a veritable fountain of those moments in which she "slices like knife through everything". Continually, "as if to catch the falling drop, [she] plunged into the very heart of the moment, transfixed it there—the moment of this June morning on which was the pressure of all the other mornings," . . . "One yielded to its expansion, and rushed to the farthest verge and there quivered and felt the world come closer, swollen with some astonishing significance, some pressure of rapture which split its thin skin and gushed and poured with an extraordinary alleviation over the cracks and sores. Then for that moment she had seen an illumination; a match burning in a crocus; an inner meaning almost expressed. But the close withdrew; the hard softened. It was over—the moment". So Mrs. Woolf tries to re-create the breath of the impalpable as it passes; and sometimes she succeeds, and we feel the breath on our face, and agree with Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Warren Smith that this is all that matters—this ecstasy—and that death is better than its loss; and sometimes she fails, and leaves us with an exquisite metamorphic shred of chiffon in our hand, wondering what it is all about.

Mrs. Dalloway could understand the feeling of the shell-shocked Septimus Warren Smith, when he preferred to die rather than lose this baffling—this "feminine"—Reality. For the beauty of the visionary flash would disperse, separate; and "there was an embrace in death"; so he "plunged headlong holding his treasure", leaving Mrs. Dalloway seeing it all in sudden vivid vision. And the book *Orlando* is an epitome of such realization of the spiritual. Orlando, as she grows, learns all the Facts of Life in Mrs. Woolf's world. And at the end, she knows that in the "feminine" is importance and meaning—that the "feminine" is *meaning*—the meaning of the "masculine". Orlando knows what Mrs. Woolf's reader comes finally to understand—that William and Cassandra are not separate beings, as the poles asunder, and that in order successfully to expose any aspect of life "masculine" or "feminine". These two principles which

are one principle must work together; and that when body and spirit, fact and interpretation, are thus joined, "all the truth of life is there; a moment of vision, a sigh, a smile, and the return to an eternal rest".

*by Marshall Morgan*

### CITY INVADED

Sometime between the twelve-point booming of a clock,  
High in the city hall, and dawn's gray usurpation,  
A burst of sleet came whirling down the block,  
Peppering with subtle desolation.  
No watchman thought to cry: "Awake! A foe  
Invades our city! Up! To arms! Beware!"  
And stealthily the North wind whipped the snow  
In silver endless legions through the square.

Only a chained dog understood, and howled  
Unheeded warning to a man asleep;  
And whimpered, when the mad wind prowled  
In through the straw, remembering that deep  
In a whitening forest, ages gone,  
It had heard its master whimper at the storm.

by John Patton Gilmer

## CURRENT ATHEISM

### THE SCIENTIFIC SIGNIFICANCE OF RELIGION

THE word Humanism as used in this paper means non-theistic Humanism.

Government and religion as positive institutions have characterized all human society during the whole period covered by our knowledge. That fact establishes a reasonable presumption that each has had some useful function.

About fifty years ago, certain Russians, losing patience with bad social conditions, precipitately turned anarchist and demanded that government, instead of being corrected, should be abolished outright. Some contemporary Russians, actuated by like causes and with similar haste, propose to meet the needs of the situation by abolishing religion and the main-spring of biological evolution consisting of the individual struggle for life.<sup>1</sup> Some centuries ago, Christian ecclesiasticism committed the execrable crimes of putting to death several thousands of persons on account of their opinions; and Christian theology promulgated some revoltingly atrocious doctrines, such as the eternal torture of babies—to say nothing of adults—in a brimstone hell. Also, modern knowledge has destroyed the bad science embedded in Christian theology, consisting of guesses about nature and constituting no real part of religion. And Humanism, rooting itself in the thin soil of these and similar religious *excreta*, and with a logic of the same quality as that of the Russian anarchists and bolsheviki, favors the abandonment of all religion.

The ready absorption of the extensive literature of Humanism and the serious and respectful consideration given it by the public would be hard to understand but for the recency of this particular ebullition of atheism, the confusion of thought always attending a theological breakdown, and the failure of the defenders of religion to force the Humanists out of the narrow defile of Christian shortcomings and compel them to do battle on the broad field of the scientific significance of religion.

A very recent work, for example, *Humanism: Another Battle*

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<sup>1</sup>AUTHOR'S NOTE: Since this essay was written and put into type, Stalin has abandoned the communistic part of his program.

*Line*,<sup>2</sup> a symposium written by ten able and distinguished men, shows convincingly the inadequacy of the grounds of Humanism, its ineradicable pessimism, its total inability to set up any rational standard of values for human life or any rational sanction of morals, and, in a word, its utter impossibility as a system for men to live by: but the battle is not extended to the scientific field, where alone it can be decisively settled.

To the extent of invoking its aid in discrediting the bad science in Christian theology, the Humanists appeal to science for their justification; but neither they nor their critics apply the scientific method to the solution of the problem in dispute. On the contrary, many of the former hold the impossible conception of a conflict between science and religion, and some of the latter think that religion cannot hope for scientific support, but must rely on faith.

Science is based on the assumption that the universe is rational and that every phenomenon is rationally related to every other and to the whole. No established fact whatever is or can be beyond its purview. Religious phenomena are, therefore, as literally parts of the raw material of biology as those of nutrition or growth; and any conception of antagonism between science and religion is as meaningless as a notion of conflict between science and the movements of the stars or between a house and some of the bricks of which it is built. Their relation is solely that of whole to part.

Not only is this true, but we are compelled either to resort to science or to abandon any hope of an effective solution of the religious problem. Authority as a basis of belief is utterly discredited; the futility of speculation has been thoroughly demonstrated by its twenty-five hundred years' "milling" in a circle; the transcendental and non-rational explain nothing; and our age demands as a foundation for its beliefs, and will tolerate nothing less than, a correlation of all the facts and an induction from them of such principles as they indicate. No one who believes in God need feel the least trepidation as to the outcome of an appeal to His laws.

So far as Humanism is constructive and not merely speculative, it consists of advocacy of the good life and nothing else whatever.

It is perfectly obvious that from the time two men first entered into social relations down to the present day, without a moment's intermission, some approximation to the good life has

<sup>2</sup>Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn. 1931.



been an imperative condition of social cohesion. The ideal good life is perfect adaptation of individual conduct to social well-being; and without some degree of such adaptation, society manifestly could not hold together at all. Throughout that whole period, so far as we have definite knowledge of it, the ultimate religious elements have been God (in some form), the soul, life after death, responsibility for conduct in this life and communion between God and man; and while on account of theological aberrations some of these elements have at different times been obscured, they have always been the real basis of religion and have re-appeared after obscurity. Professor James H. Leuba's statement that "God, the soul and immortality constitute, according to common opinion, the great framework of religion", seems to be defective in omitting responsibility and communion as essential elements. It is further true historically that religious institutions have been the only ones of any consequence systematically directed to inculcation of the moral law. It is clear that religion thus constituted and thus busying itself has necessarily tended to promote the good life, and it plainly devolves on the Humanists to show that it can be dispensed with and that its functions can be better performed in its absence by some other social force or forces. Let us see what the facts are.

Certain processes—chemical, nutritive, reproductive, etc.—are requisite to the maintenance and development of organic life. At an early stage they all proceed unconsciously, so far as we know; but when animate life appears, some of them depend on conscious direction. Corresponding to these, the animal has instincts causing it to desire to perform the necessary actions. All these instincts have evolved under the stimulus of natural selection as promotive of life, and they give rise ultimately to all those complex mental activities characterizing even the highest animate forms. When we analyze the motives back of such a controversy as that now under consideration, for example, we find that they are ultimately traceable to the innate urge to "have life and to have it more abundantly".

As the instincts become complex they generate desires that often conflict with one another, so that they cannot all be satisfied, and action results from that which at the time is most potent. The instinct to preserve life usually, though not always, prevails over

the desire to satisfy hunger or the reproductive impulse; sometimes anger or the urge to protect offspring prevails over the instinct to preserve life. The desires vary in intensity both as among themselves and from time to time, but all have their ultimate origin as indicated.

Inseparably correlative to every desire is the idea of satisfaction; and no voluntary action of any sort whatever can occur except in response to a preceding desire or without being directed to the attainment of some end promising positive or negative satisfaction to the organism with respect to that desire—though it may result in emphatic dissatisfaction with respect to other less potent desires.

When stimulated by a prevailing desire, the organism takes measures to satisfy it, and in so doing adapts its movements to that end, as when a wasp drags a caterpillar around an obstruction in the way to her nest. Such adaptation of means to the end of satisfying desire is the function of reason, whose exercise seems to occur in all animate forms from an amoeba to an Aristotle.

Since survival of the individual organism for a time is necessarily a condition of its own development and of the reproduction and perpetuation of the species, the primary struggle must be for the preservation of its own life; but from an early period in biological evolution—perhaps from the beginning of the sexual reproduction of animate life—association of individuals in groups (ranging from two meeting in the act of coition up to human society, in which social evolution has been the main process) has been essential to higher evolution; and such association has involved danger of destructive conflict among the associated individuals: for if actuated by no motive but its own preservation, the individual would, to the limit of its powers, practise cannibalism or any other aggression tending to the satisfaction of its desires, and there would especially be no chance for the survival of offspring. This danger has been met so far as necessary by the evolution of the altruistic instincts, sexual, parental, fraternal and gregarious, which have neutralized the predatory instincts so far as to render association possible.

All the altruistic instincts have operated to maintain family groups, such as those of bees and ants and human patriarchies, the gregarious instinct alone having a direct tendency to maintain

outside associations—which, when involving large numbers, are apt to result in many more contacts than those among the members of family groups.

In curtailing conflict, however, the altruistic instincts have acted not a hair's breadth beyond strict evolutionary requirements; and since operation of the principle of natural selection within the species has been indispensable to progress, none of these instincts nor all of them together have tended to prevent conflict, outside of family groups, on the clashing of the desires of different individuals—or even among members of family groups after maturity of the young has terminated the functioning of the parental and fraternal instincts. The hog gets his feet into the trough and crowds other hogs away, the strong shove off the weak when food is scarce, the male fights to his utmost for possession of his mate, and the sick or injured must, in general, fend for himself, without help or sympathy.

While conflict has been requisite to evolution, it has not in subhuman life been destructive of the species, because the brutes are confined to the use of their natural organs; and the interplay of the various instincts has resulted in the maintenance of association on the one hand, and suppression of the unfit, on the other, and on the whole the species has thrived.

Man has the same fundamental needs as the brutes and the same corresponding instincts; but he is differentiated from them in some important respects. His increased reasoning power and his free hands enable him to devise and make implements, weapons and traps greatly extending the effectiveness of his natural organs and rendering individual conflict deadly and destructive of the species. Also, his evolution has required a closeness, adaptability and scope of social union not needed in subhuman life, though he has needed and still needs an individual striving and competition within the group, without which degeneration and perhaps disappearance would ensue, as especially illustrated in the history of aristocracies. If the conflict incidental to the struggle for life were not restrained otherwise than as among the brutes (by natural limitations of powers), mutual destruction would soon wipe out the species; and it has, therefore, been necessary to establish rational restraints of deadly conflict. And since instinct alone has no tendency or power to prevent conflict except within comparatively

narrow limits, it could not for a still stronger reason suffice to build up the close, organic social union required to carry human evolution to a higher stage than that attained by the beasts; and it has been indispensable to apply rationally integrative forces not acting and not needed in subhuman life.

Accordingly, we find that, throughout history, law, customary or positive, requiring government for its enforcement, has been employed to restrain the more destructive kinds of individual conflict. Its limitations, however, even as a negative force are conspicuous and vital. It is confined to the use of external force in the suppression of overt offense, and has not the least tendency to create the social good will indispensable to effective co-operation and social union, but rather tends to excite resentment: so that if a man thinks that he can safely evade the law and is not otherwise restrained, the law is quite impotent to govern his conduct. In addition, there are large departments of conduct in which offenses, without being absolutely destructive, are still socially injurious, and which the law is inherently unable to control: oppressions and cruelties in family and industrial relations, sexual irregularities, overreaching in commercial dealings, and the like. The law, then, alone, is quite inadequate as a negative social force, and supplemental restrictive forces, as well as all positively integrative forces, must be otherwise provided.

Public opinion (not a deliberately adopted, but a spontaneously arising force) operates as a censor of conduct and, armed with the power of ostracism, not only discourages offenses the law cannot reach, but lends vigor to law enforcement; but it adheres stubbornly to the *status quo*, resisting efforts to move to a higher moral plane quite as decisively as it resents infractions of positive rules. It stones the prophets, gives Socrates the hemlock, crucifies Jesus and despises, ridicules and persecutes the reformer. It has no morally constructive power, but gives a man a clean bill of moral health if he attends to his business and avoids offense. Its rewards for conspicuous moral service are virtually all long *post mortem*. Nor can it restrain an offender who thinks he can conceal his offenses. It acts merely as a balance wheel and is practically as negative as the law so far as social integration is concerned; and other forces, both restrictive and integrative, are required.

The unceasing operation of two primary principles is obviously

requisite to the maintenance and development of human society, namely, first, the individual struggle for life, and second, such a degree of general social good will as not merely to make association possible, but to foster cordial and effective co-operation. Complete suspension of the former would extinguish the race inside of sixty days, and complete suspension of the latter would with almost equal promptness destroy at least nineteen-twentieths of the people in all thickly populated regions and relegate the remnant to such loose and ineffective association as instinct maintains among the beasts.

The instincts explain the struggle for life, but not the super-instinctive, deliberate sacrifices that individuals must make if human society is to flourish.

Keeping in mind the principle that the instincts, tending to promote individual life and the perpetuation of the species, are the ultimate springs of all voluntary action and that the function of reason is the adaptation of means to the satisfaction of desires excited by instinct, it is clear that any action contrary to all the evolutionary impulses or not sanctioned by any of them is irrational. Thus, if a man in good health and with an unclouded prospect of normal life kills himself, we infer that he must have been insane. We could explain his chopping off of one of his hands only in the same way. And precisely the same inference must logically follow from any other voluntary curtailment of the fullness of life, to the quest of which the instincts prompt us. But, as we have seen, there is, outside of family relations, no altruistic instinct tending to anything more than peaceful association, and that only so long as the desires of different individuals do not clash. Professor William McDougall thus expresses the natural attitude of men to outsiders (*The Group Mind*, 392): "All human beings outside the State, outside this moral-politico-religious bond, were regarded as *prima facie* enemies of the State, without rights of any sort, without even the slightest claim to humane treatment": which, of course, is to say that there is no general altruistic instinct. We know by common observation that the same is true of the brutes. When, therefore, Americans stint themselves to relieve starving Chinese or Russians; or when physicians and nurses expose themselves to a deadly epidemic in order to relieve the sufferings of people in whom they have no special personal in-



terest; or when a sister of mercy renounces marriage, home and children to help the helpless; or when a missionary gives up the advantages and comforts of civilization to minister to savages; or when a soldier goes voluntarily into dangerous battle to fight in cool blood for what he conceives to be the right; or when the good Samaritan spends his time and money to help the victim of thieves; and in numberless other cases: there is no instinctive sanction for such activities, and we are logically compelled to pronounce them irrational unless they can be otherwise rationalized, for they clearly conflict with the instincts back of the individual struggle for life and are unjustified by any countervailing altruistic instinct. But such activities and thousands of others of less emphatically sacrificial character, expressing themselves in courtesy, kindness, helpfulness, and consideration of others, and all being prompted by good will, have been and are indispensable to the development and maintenance of human civilization. Whence that good will, which is not traceable either to altruistic instinct, on the one hand, or to the restrictions of law and public opinion, on the other? The only possible answer is religion; for there is no other additional social force. The correctness of this answer is fully confirmed by historical experience: for whenever religious control of conduct has been relaxed (through the process presently to be noted) society has begun to rot for lack of any rational ground for individual sacrifice. Egypt, China, India, Palestine, Greece, Rome and our own era supply illustrations.

Religion, in promising a happy future life as a result of the culture and practice of good will, rationalizes temporal self-sacrifice, not by contravening the ultimate instinctive urges, but by offering them a larger fulfillment. Just as a man may, in contemplation of future comfort, rationally submit to the tortures of dental work, notwithstanding his instinct to avoid pain, though he would be crazy to submit to it without such expectation: so he can rationally forego every immediate or secular satisfaction of his instinctive urges in the prospect of an indefinitely, or infinitely, larger satisfaction in a future life; though he would be irrational to curtail the total satisfactions of this life in any respect without such promise—as has been recognized by thinkers all down the centuries since 2000 B.C. Beginning with an unknown Egyptian writer of about that date and coming down to Goldwin Smith, they have

expressed the virtually self-evident truth that if this life is all we have, the only rational course is to get the most satisfaction we can out of it—which, of course, is quite incompatible with any voluntary consent to a diminution of the satisfaction we suppose this life to offer—or, in other words, with any actual self-sacrifice.

The processes by which religion, in addition to laying a rational foundation for altruistic conduct, has affirmatively fostered good will, have been: (1) teaching the fatherhood of God and the consequent brotherhood of the members of the group; (2) fostering solicitude for the welfare of the group as a whole; (3) systematically inculcating the moral law (as currently conceived) and insisting on its observance; (4) initiating and cultivating the various items of progress in civilization—enumerated by Herbert Spencer as law, science, medicine, education, philosophy, architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, fiction, music, singing, dancing, acting and oratory—and (5) bringing the group together in the celebration of common rites in which the Deity is invoked and at which personal animosities must be suppressed. From the most primitive religion up to Christianity, such activities have, at bottom, characterized all forms; and when St. Paul said "Love is the fulfillment of the law", he spoke not merely for Christianity, but for all religion.

So far as humanism is based on follies and abuses connected with theology and ecclesiasticism, and maintains that religion should therefore be abolished, it is necessary only to point out that identically the same line of argument would require the abolition of government, marriage, private property, educational systems and every other social institution, and even life itself, and we need not tarry to discuss it.

But while shallow objections of this sort may be virtually ignored, it is a legitimate inquiry to ask why at various periods in history—as in the times of Confucius, Buddha, the Hebrew prophets, the Greek and Roman philosophers and in our own era—religion seems to have broken down and let open the flood-gates of immorality. The answer is obvious.

The ultimate religious beliefs have always caused not only emotional and volitional reactions in the human mind—awe, fear, love, prayer, sacrifice, etc.—but also intellectual reactions manifesting themselves in efforts to correlate God with the observed facts of

nature—as illustrated, for example, by the cosmogonies appearing in various religious systems—and the results of these efforts have been formulations of theologies. Every such theology has necessarily been imperfect and erroneous in proportion at least to the current ignorance of nature. But the advance of knowledge in the past has, until very recently, been exceedingly slow, and the old theologies had ample time in which to develop into elaborate systems and to become completely identified in the popular mind with the substance of religion itself. Even so well-informed and profound a thinker as Herbert Spencer confessed his own error in that respect. When, consequently, advancing knowledge has discredited the bad science embodied in an old theology and rendered theological vagaries and ecclesiastical abuses intolerable, it has naturally been supposed that religion itself has been discredited; and religious control of conduct has logically enough broken down and social decay has set in. One unvarying incident of such theological break-downs has been the emergence of a more or less copious crop of “good-lifers” (all of whom our Humanists are conspicuous examples), some repudiating religion, some ignoring it and some of the more cautious becoming agnostic without it, but all trying to show how society could be maintained without it, and all uniformly failing in such efforts. Not a single atheistic, agnostic or religionless system has survived for more than a comparatively short time: those merely ignoring religion, such as Confucianism and Buddhism, soon merging with it; those repudiating it, such as Epicureanism, soon dying of gangrene; and those agnostic about it, such as Stoicism, soon succumbing to dry rot, for the reason that men cannot order their lives on doubtful possibilities, but must have definite ends in view, if they are to prosecute the struggle of life.

Natural selection consists in the preservation of variations favorable to the evolution of life and the elimination of those unfavorable. Religion does not appear in subhuman life, but has characterized man from the first faint traces of his history in interglacial times continuously to the present day, constituting one of his most conspicuous differential characteristics. If we knew nothing else about it, these facts alone would establish a virtually conclusive presumption of its evolutionary necessity; and when we add to that a detailed showing of its precise social functions

in creating good will, in rationalizing secular self-sacrifice and in initiating most of the steps in civilization, some, at least, of which functions could not possibly have been, or now be, performed by any other social force: there seems to be no escape from the strictly scientific inference that religion has been, is, and will continue to be, a necessary factor in the evolution of human life. If so, the Humanists can neither find any substitute for religion nor rationalize its abandonment. For man to rise above the status attained by the interaction between instinct and brute reason, government has been indispensable, on the negative side, to restrain conflict, and religion, on the positive side, to promote social integration.

*by Marshall Morgan*

### ONE DREAMER CRIED

When half the reality of flesh has fled  
Your temporary bones, come to the spot  
Where I'll be waiting. Find my sodden bed  
Among the roots, and call my name; I'll not  
Be long in joining one whose love is such.  
Together we will then go ask this God  
For long retarded facts: ask Him how much  
He loves the lovers whom He gives to sod,—

But should our mission fail, your heart will be  
The spinning fury of a star new made;  
While my transcended hands will angrily  
Unhinge the gates of heaven's palisade;  
And then, within, we'll splinter God's high throne,  
As God once sacked a kingdom of our own.

*by Norman Macleod*

## NOTES ON REGIONALISM

AS I sit here in the front room of our small adobe house (once a part of a big hacienda but, due to the Spanish custom of willing separate rooms to offspring, has been broken off from what was at one time a building covering two blocks with a large patio in the center), listening to some modern caballeros singing a Spanish song in a Mexican bootlegger's joint next door, I realize once again what I felt and knew the first time I walked across the outer fringes of the Southwest ten years ago: the poetry, drama, lore and legend still bearing the mark of regional authenticity in a land which has integrated and synthetized (as far as this ever occurs) the cultural traditions of at least three civilizations. This land is young and old at the same time. Only the occasional outposts of eastern industrialism have struck a false note (in this country as yet unready to be oriented to a modern industrialism), and they are far and few between. Several years ago artists and writers discovered in this region what was not so obviously apparent at that time in other sections of the country. Indeed in many parts, the traces of the region, its tradition and color, had been obliterated. All that remained was the chaos: and the result: the poets of sincere frustration, baffled and confused, heartsick and weary with the modern panorama gutted with industrialism, webbed with capitalistic lines of communication. Anarchy on a grand scale except for the integration of money. If there is a solution, many of them know it not: hence, confusion and despair. Hence: the expatriates and the revolutionists. Hence: the ivory castles and the ones who look towards Russia.

But in the Southwest the problem has not been so exigent. The modern consciousness is aware and the international influence is to be discerned, but yet there is still room for spiritual quietude and calm: Rilke, who said that the three essential conditions for poetry were "space around one's feelings", a "contemplation that desires naught" (debateable), and "a well wrought death" (his mysticism: variety objectionable, but presumably poetic and per-



haps justifiable if defined), would have found nothing to object to there. That is why the region looms so large in the creative consciousness. There is order. There is meaning. There is a wealth of detail and possibilities of culture.

I have an intense admiration for the Navajo: who has stamped with his impress the country even more, perhaps, than has the Pueblo. His poetry is of a higher order than that of any American Indian. He is self-sustained and sure. His rhythms are the country's rhythms. His philosophy that of rock and sand, sunset and lightning, color and sound, rain and drouth, and inner well-being. No matter that it is said that he plagiarized the Pueblo. In so doing, perhaps, he did not fully understand the mythology from which he partook to nourish his own spiritual life, but he selected the essentials and sublimated the rest into a higher order of experience, and finally he made it his own.

What would Oliver La Farge's *Laughing Boy* have been without Washington Matthews? The source of his information relating to Navajo ritual, its poetry:

Now, Slayer of Enemy Gods, alone I see him coming,  
Down from the skies, alone I see him coming.  
His voice sounds all about,  
His voice sounds, divine.  
Lé-e!

Now, child of the waters, alone I see him coming . . .

And:

With a place of hunger in me I wander,  
Food will not fill it,  
Aya-ah, beautiful.  
With an empty place in me I wander,  
Nothing will fill it,  
Aya-ah, beautiful.  
With a place of sorrow within me I wander,  
Time will not end it,  
Aya-ah, beautiful.  
With a place of loneliness in me I wander,  
No one will fill it,  
Aya-ah, beautiful.  
Forever alone, forever in sorrow I wander,  
Forever empty, forever hungry I wander,  
With the sorrow of great beauty I wander,  
With the emptiness of great beauty I wander,  
Never alone, never weeping, never empty,

Now on the old age trail, now on the path of beauty I wander,  
Ahalani, beautiful.

In Germany, in Russia of a novelist who has failed they often say, "He is not a poet." *Laughing Boy* was as good as it was because it was poetry, and that poetry was of the Navajo. He has attained what many weary mortals never have: spiritual adjustment to his environment. His rhythms are more important than his thought: they are not only racial rhythms but regional ones. they effect (whether the Navajo had existed or not): the authentic expression of the country. The pueblo rhythms also but to a lesser degree, being less imaginative, less creative, less of what the country is and holds. This element is vital in the expression of any creative artist. The rhythm is necessary whether it be of machines, industrialism, hunger, poverty, subways, metropolises or of the desert and its timelessness, its repetition, its song in the wind weathering the scrubcedars and mesas, buttes and cañons, a long sweep in a short way as the years. Of course, it is felt and reinterpreted according to the individual. The cowboy has sung it as the Indian but with different material and different pulse. The Mexicans were little affected by it in song, but it affected their lives. The Americans are crass but its artists of necessity are not. Many of our literary generation have felt this thing. Some passing through have remembered and written while others have returned to know it better: its ungarnished authenticity: the value of its expression: and the conclusion of material: why Georges Linze (of all modern poets) writes as it is *here*. He has synthesized. Here it is already integrated without having been written: its major expression. D. H. Lawrence preferred Taos to the rest of the world and wrote in the *Laughing Horse* speaking of its corn liquor and moonlight and the silent rhythm of its earth. When he died he was hoping to return. He never did but his memory lingers. In his *Men in New Mexico* he has articulated this pulse with that of a nightmare: sleep and "they can't get up, they are under the blanket." But the rhythm persists in sleep even as with the country. A dark membrane (Lawrence) or a sheet of daylight (Navajo): it is one and the same thing with a different expression. Many have worked as in creative photography: but is is not creative nor is it photography. Of them it is not necessary to speak.

No writer has succeeded entirely, but many have worked well: Alice Corbin, William Haskell Simpson, Witter Bynner, Eda Lou Walton and Mary Austin (in transcription), Willard Johnson, James Rorty and Ivor Winters.

This letter practically starts and ends with a preface. The regions are being integrated in creative work even as the Southwest is being. They have their own journals for this purpose: it might be interesting to list some of them (so far as I know them):

(State or national boundaries are not necessarily lines of demarcation). To begin at home the Southwest has the *Southwest Review* (Dallas), *Folk-Say* (Norman), the *Laughing Horse* (Taos). California has *Hesperian* (San Francisco). The Northwest, *The Frontier* (Missoula). The Middle West has *Midland* (Chicago), *Prairie Schooner* (Lincoln), and a few lesser journals. The east has few of importance. The South, *The Sewanee Review* and others (natives may amplify). Peru has *Amauta*. Czechoslovakia, *Kvart*. Belgium, *Anthologie*. It is entirely international as phenomena. The only journals that remain are ones that cut across these boundaries and integrate. (Of course, the staid ones are stayed and outside recognition: authority, if I needed any, being Pound and any other man of intelligence.)

First of all, then (not being an exponent of regionalism as an end in itself): the development out of one's own soil and regional tradition; then the selection of the universals (a difficult task but one which will be simplified as time goes on)—I may not live to see it—and the inter-integration of the regions, the synthesis of the world. Of course, this is skipping many points (which is safer) and allows me easily to forget about economics.

So allow me to let it go at that.

by Helen Hill

## A LOCAL HABITATION

LOOKED at in the perspective of the months since its publication, the book of the twelve Southerners, *I'll Take My Stand*, seems definitely to have contributed two major criteria to the growing American literature on what constitutes an authentic personal position. General American interest in the adoption of an attitude towards the kind of civilization which M. Siegfried crystallized in his *America Comes of Age* may probably be said to have begun with Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Modern Temper*. We had had some years of plays like "Processional", "Beggar on Horseback", and "Machinal", and books like *Men and Machines*, *Our Changing Civilization*, and *Our Economic Morality*; evaluation of the scenes which they represented was inevitable. Mr. Krutch viewed "the devolution from Religion to Art to Document" with a despair which was broken only by occasional flares or revolt in the bloody but unbowed manner. Mr. Lippmann, in *A Preface to Morals*, pointed a way out of Mr. Krutch's difficulties, but it was also a way out of the picture. He suggested that in an America come of age the appropriate personal attitude was one of 'maturity', and then proceeded to define maturity in terms of detachment. The position which he sponsors is quite definitely a non-participant position, the position of the spectator, who from the dark side of the footlights views and understands the show: "Whether he saw the thing as comedy, or high tragedy, or plain farce, he would affirm that it is what it is, and that the wise man can enjoy it".

The interest in attitudes which these two books occasioned led on to the access of popularity of the works of Mr. Irving Babbitt, Mr. Paul Elmer More and their followers during the months of 1929-30. The Humanists were definitely committed to an idea of value which contrasted not only to the documentary dead-level of the world as Mr. Krutch regretfully saw it, but also to the ideas of Mr. Lippmann, because the values with which Mr. Lippmann was concerned were of the type associated with appraisal and suited to his idea of a person as a spectator, whereas the Human-

ists' were of the type associated with selection, and were built around the idea of a person as a participant. In his essay, "The Burden of Humanism", Dr. Abraham Flexner sums up their attitude with regard to the world of modern science:

It is therefore plain that neither the unravelling of nature's secrets nor the application of science to practical ends carries us as far as we are impelled to go . . . If science and industry are held down to their essential part, it becomes clear that somewhere a rational system of values must be developed, outside science as such, outside industry as such, and yet ultimately operative within both. It is this sense of value that will make distinctions and thus determine the direction of human development.

The Humanist controversy raged chiefly around the question, what is the nature of this sense of value? The Humanists of the Babbitt persuasion, though distinguishing themselves from the Stoicism of Mr. Lippmann (the *Preface to Morals* is in reality a preface to Marcus Aurelius) maintained a concept which was essentially classic. Their philosophic center was to be found in the Hellenic idea of the observance of the mean, of the attainment, through an appreciation of measure and proportion, of likeness to an ideal model. Attacks on the satisfactoriness of their position came from various quarters, but since they were largely attacks rather than presentations of alternative positions the battle was waged almost exclusively on the elevation which the Humanists chose. The most coherent contrasting body of American thought, that of the Fundamentalists, largely because its effort has been bent less in a vindication of a position than in a vindication of a text, failed to present a convincing alternative. Nothing appeared from the Modernistic wing: the aspect of the problem which Mr. Lawrence Hyde calls Romantic Humanism, typified by Mr. J. Middleton Murry's *God* was not touched in this country. The atmosphere of the American discussion much more nearly paralleled that which followed the publication of M. Julien Benda's *Trahison des Clercs* in France. It was, in fact, the Athenian aloofness of the dispute, the remoteness which caused remarks about ivory towers to begin to creep into the reviews, that made the Humanist controversy suddenly wilt down in the heat of the summer of 1930, leaving behind it an impression of intellectuals and many words.

The appearance of *I'll Take My Stand* the following autumn had



the effect of setting the ivory tower down suddenly in a ploughed field. It gave the word 'position' a geographic context. It brought into the discussion questions alike of tradition and of regionalism which turned it from the reaches of pure thought back into the area of contemporary American civilization where it had originally begun.

The specific reply of the twelve to the problem of industrialism was to propose agrarianism as an alternative. This is an irrelevant alternative for the country as a whole, and even for the South it has its limitations, for while these writers assume that the South has still to choose whether or not she will accept industrialisation over large areas that choice has already been made. But in a more general form what they propose is regionalism, and regionalism is by no means necessarily attached to a certain type of agriculture. Applied on its broader basis their idea may have a vital rôle to play in American development. The announcement of taking a stand on a specific part of the country replaces the somewhat disembodied assertions of value made by the Humanists by an assertion of value which has very definitely a local habitation and a name.

The American attitude towards the land has always been a very special one. In such countries as England and France an intense love of and sense of attachment to specific bits of soil has for centuries been one of the strong elements in the national life. Without the intense '*vie de province*' which surrounds her, Paris, and France in the largest sense, would be lifeless, for the names that are known in Paris in each generation are gathered from the districts which lie outside. And that the locality, rather than the farm, is their basis could be easily demonstrated by tracing the part played during the last hundred years by the lawyers of such sections as the Gironde or the Midi, not to mention the conscious regionalists such as Barrès and Maurras. In England there has been a parallel history. The life of London, and through London of the Empire, is intimately linked with the life of the village, and the link is not only between the country place and the town house of the great landowner, but between the professional office and the rock garden which marks a certain spot in Berkshire as definitely a certain individual's own. In America the places where there has been any long-standing attachment to a certain piece of soil are distinct-

ly limited. In general, the American has loved his land with a kinetic rather than a static attachment, successively applied to succeeding quarter-sections in the course of a transcontinental trek. And since the frontier was pushed with finality into the Pacific Ocean, a habit of unquestionably following wherever a job leads has continued a similar mobility. Occasionally we have had a community which has left its roots alone enough for them to flower, and the life of a town like Concord or a community like Charlottesville was the result.

It is this American lack of a population indigenous to the places where it resides, combined with the urge towards the bigger and better which has carried Americans so far, and so wide, at times, of the mark, that has given to New York its glorified overemphasis. In other countries, the capitals are places for the implementing of the ideas of the people who come to them. The ideas are assumed to come with the man; the task of the city is to generalize them, to render them effective. Americans go to New York, by contrast, not to bring something but to become something, cheerfully admitting that they are nothing when they go.

The concept of local validity, when the location concerned is anywhere outside New York, is a new concept to the ruling assumptions of American life. The unity which American life has had, has been, in general, only a temporal unity, a whole made up out of a series of cross-sections of time. The Southern group is suggesting the desirability of a spatial unity, based upon the here rather than on the now. The implications of having a place as a central element in one's idea of value carry the discussion of that idea much further than it has hitherto been taken.

Spatial unity imposes upon the idea of value three solid dimensions, and the new co-ordinates in which they are expressed have an appreciable effect (and here is the second major contribution of the twelve) on the perspective in which is seen the individual. They call attention to the obvious but neglected necessity of the persons in a given locality being the instruments by which any sense of value and tradition which may exist there, is expressed. To the Walter Lippmanns, living within sight of the mouths of the New York subway, the idea that the passing show could ever stop, leaving them spectators of a hole, of nothingness, is inconceivable. With seven million people stacked in vertical tiers about

them, the fact they elect to be non-participants appears to affect the total of participation only by a millionth part of a grain that can't be seen. Similarly the Humanist philosophers may leave off weighing the mean and descend into the market place to assay it, or they may prefer to remain in their ivory tower to weigh it further. But the person who has made himself one with a local community can realize, as the philosopher or the cosmopolitan cannot, the full burden and fulfillment of his Humanism. If a tradition is to be carried on there, if an idea is to be substantiated as a value, it can only be grown into reality through his own body and blood. The place and its genius must find their expression through him, just as he must find his authenticity in them, if either is to be found at all. The support of the crowd, which is mistaken for reality by the person who goes on a quest to find himself in our larger cities, the superficialities of transience, the sense of becoming which is always too busy to be, none of these exist for the person who conceives his first responsibilities in local terms. He has an independence which is genuine and has not degenerated into mere individualism. His ideas are not made up of a series of memberships in organized groups which he can fall back upon for the official doctrine on this or that subject; his personality is free from the common American paradox of having the center of its inner life outside itself in a collective entity.

The regionalists have chosen a life in which they can have both feet on the ground rather than one hand on the steering wheel of progress. They have forsaken functional friendships: they do not 'contact' the people they meet; they wish to treat their associates not as the implements of an interest but as whole men. The possibility of being a more or less complete person among other more or less complete persons, is not, however, fully provided for by their theory as far as they have yet developed it.

They diverted the discussion of values from the realm of Humanistic philosophy by saying that the values in which they were primarily interested were the traditional values of a certain way of living associated with the region from which they come. They have established themselves in that region. An establishment, however, is not an individual matter. If their withdrawal from the more typical forms of American community is not going to make their establishment a kind of Walden Pond, they must look

to the institutional vehicles by which the tradition they admire is to be perpetuated, and behind them, they must look to the concepts which those institutional vehicles represent. The permeation of the individuals of a certain region by the half-conscious social influence of its tenor of life undoubtedly ends by moulding them in a certain form, but it alone cannot be relied upon for the continuance of quality. The tenor of local life is itself the expression of certain assumptions, and these grow hazy if they remain too long in tacit form.

The twelve have had something to say with regard to the economic assumptions which they think essential, though their literary agrarianism is perhaps not a primary source of strength. Certain among them have touched upon the question of political parties. But the assumptions which matter most lie behind these, and concern the nature of values in general rather than the nature of the specific values symbolized by the statute book or the payroll. Mr. Ransom, in his *God Without Thunder*, and Mr. Tate in his slighter "Remarks on the Southern Religion", have begun the examination of these assumptions. It is perhaps not inappropriate, if Mr. Tate is serious in his definition that "Reaction is the most radical of programs; it aims at cutting away the overgrowth and getting back to the roots", to expect from them something in the way of a Neo-orthodoxy, of the general type which is now represented in America only by the translations of Karl Barth.

When they brought the ivory tower of the Humanists down to earth the Southerners did not destroy the importance of the questions which its philosophic inhabitants had attempted to answer. It is possible that they owe them a statement of their alternative. At any rate their own position is incomplete without its formulation.

by Clarence E. Cason

## ON HENRY W. GRADY

### SOME MARGINAL NOTES

**A**LIEN forces of unmistakable power, once in the time of Henry W. Grady and again in our own time, have disturbed the equanimity of the South. The Civil War was in effect the first test of strength encountered by the agrarian system of the Old South; at present the agricultural economy of the South faces a merger with industrialism. Henry W. Grady lived in an era encompassed by the necessity of adjustment, and the philosophy and economy of today, as touching the South, are formulated by analogous situations. Thus it is that the Georgia newspaper man and editor, who died in 1889, possesses for the Southern generation of this day the pen and voice of a modern commentator.

Henry W. Grady was born in Athens, Georgia, on May 17, 1851. Emerging from adolescence under the shock of the Civil War, in which his father was killed, Mr. Grady became the first Southern man of stature to enunciate a policy of conciliation and self-reconstruction for the South. Reputable Georgian by birth and education, he powerfully stressed the need of industrial projects in the South. Mr. Grady for a short period was a disciple of Henry Watterson of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, but his real force as a journalist did not develop until he became editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. There, with Clark Howell, he was a trumpet voice for what was then, even as now, called "the new South".

Perhaps the apex of the career of Mr. Grady was an address before the New England Society in New York on the occasion of their eighty-first anniversary celebration in 1886. The title of the speech was "The New South". In it he pleaded with tremendous effect for an American unity, as opposed to sectional rivalry and strife. His contention was that the early differences between Puritan and Cavalier had been fused in the typical American, as represented by Abraham Lincoln. This address, while representative of Mr. Grady's efforts to gratify and beguile his



audiences, was nevertheless so replete with intelligence and sincerity that the New Englanders, at its conclusion, spontaneously sprang to their feet and, unmindful of stately precedent, burst into resounding cheers for the young Southerner of thirty-five.

"The Old South," said Mr. Grady, "rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The New South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age."

While before this speech Mr. Grady had enjoyed an enviable provincial reputation, after the newspapers had given sensational prominence to his points of view, he became over night a national figure. Encomiums poured in upon him from every part of the United States. The effect in the lower South was electric. Even those mediocre leaders who had opposed Mr. Grady surrendered the field to his prowess. Had not an early death precluded the full development of his ability, it is reasonable to believe that his leadership in the lower South would have done something towards offsetting the influence of flatulent oratory which pandered to false pride in terms of vindictive nonsense.

After the address to the New England Society—which Joel Chandler Harris declares to have been an impromptu flash of brilliance—Mr. Grady was invited three years later to speak at the annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association and to the Bay State Club. By this time he was being hailed in the North as the prime conciliator between the sections. His reception in Boston was laudacious in the extreme.

Defending the South's treatment of the Negro against charges of exploitation and disfranchisement, Mr. Grady insisted that as large a proportion of the population voted in the Southern states as other sections. Citing figures to prove his point, he said, "Virginia—a state now under fierce assault for this alleged crime [intimidating the Negro vote]—cast in 1888 seventy-five per cent of her vote. Massachusetts, the state in which I speak, sixty-nine per cent of her vote. Was it suppression in Virginia and natural causes in Massachusetts? Last month Virginia cast sixty-

nine per cent of her vote, and Massachusetts, fighting in every district, cast only forty-nine per cent of hers. If Virginia is condemned because thirty-one per cent of her vote was silent, how shall this state [Massachusetts] escape in which fifty-one per cent was dumb? Let us enlarge the comparison. The sixteen Southern states in 1888 cast sixty-seven per cent of their total vote—the six New England states but sixty-three per cent of theirs. By what fair rule shall the stigma be put upon one section, while the other escapes?”

Newspapers in Boston commented at amazing length upon the Georgian's addresses; editorially they accorded him unstinted praise. Over the entire United States Mr. Grady came to be known as the most capable and trustworthy interpreter of the South. Even the austere Springfield *Republican* spoke of him as “a florid yet forceful advocate of his section”, and saluted him as the man who had “lifted the plane of sectional debate from that of futile recriminations to more dignified and candid interchange of opinion.”

How great an advance was represented by the triumphs of Mr. Grady can be understood in their full implications only by realizing the gulf of misunderstanding and misrepresentation which, irrespective of the climactic Civil War, had for so long existed between New Englanders and people of the South. The great Ralph Waldo Emerson himself was not above a surprisingly ill-natured estimate of the characters of Southern students attending Harvard University during the time of his residence at Concord in the home of his father-in-law, the venerable Dr. Ripley. Under the date of October 8, 1837, Mr. Emerson wrote in one of his *Journals*: “The young Southerner comes here a spoiled child, with graceful manners, excellent self-command, very good to be spoiled more, but good for nothing else,—a mere parader . . . Give them an inch, and they take a mile. They are mere bladders of conceit. Each snipper-snapper of them all undertakes to speak for the entire Southern states . . . The proper way of treating them is not deference, but to say as Mr. Ripley does, ‘Fiddle, fiddle,’ in answer to each solemn remark about ‘The South.’ ‘It must be confessed,’ said the young man, ‘that in Alabama, we are dead to everything, as respects politics.’ ‘Very true,’ replied Mr. Ripley, ‘leaving out the last clause.’”

If Mr. Emerson's irritability is partly excusable on the ground that at the time of writing he was only thirty-four and the harassed father of "the babe", which, to quote a note in the *Journal* of a week later, "stands alone to-day for the first time," his sectional prejudice is not wholly explainable on the ground of youth, for in the very same year he delivered, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, his address on "The American Scholar", perhaps the most notable oration of his career. The attitude he expressed can only be said to have been broadly indigenous to the New England of his time and afterward. It is devoutly to be hoped that inclusion of the quoted passage in Mr. Bliss Perry's *The Heart of Emerson's Journals* does not indicate unhappy reverberations of that animus in the New England of today. At any rate, it may be stated with certainty that Henry W. Grady succeeded, for a time at least, in shaming the recriminations of sectionalism by the breadth, loyalty, and intelligence of his outlook.

In a further respect Mr. Grady's attitude towards sectionalism should be highly suggestive as a guide to controversialists of the present era. This Georgian did not lack sentiment; his reverence for the Old South was unassailable. Frequently in his writings and speeches one encounters highly emotional passages relating to his native state and to his mother and father. Various commentators often refer to his habit of plunging his audiences into the doubtful ecstasy of tears. Yet he was unwilling to capitalize his own reputation upon extended rueful apotheosis of the past régime in the South.

It is possible, of course, that ambitions overriding popular glory of a provincial kind might have prevented him from depending upon spell-binding sentimentality, at the expense of making himself ridiculous, as a "professional Southerner", to the rest of the country. For supposedly, at least, he was duly in line for the governorship of Georgia, as well as for nomination as vice-president on the national Democratic ticket. Instead of consolidating the powers of Southern pride about a discredited agrarian system, he preferred to sway that pride into a social and economic order which would profit from the experiences of the past. As editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, he declined to act as a personal St. George for the subscribers at six dollars per annum. Yet it

should not be thought that Mr. Grady urged his individual views at the expense of popularity. In the choice of directions and the astonishing success of Mr. Grady there might be a subtle message for the neo-traditionalists of the present-day South. If a dominant sense of reality does not wholly explain Mr. Grady, two other possible factors in his career might also be mentioned. These were a national scope of the imagination and a revealing sense of humor.

Mr. Grady's efforts to eradicate sectionalism were motivated by a profound loyalty to the South, a loyalty which was more than superficial fanfare. The theme of Southern welfare was overwhelmingly dominant in his public expressions. A staunch adherent to the political tenets of Thomas Jefferson, he firmly espoused the cause of the Democratic Party. Speaking before the Societies of the University of Virginia, where he had been a graduate student, in 1889, he powerfully denounced the concentration of governmental functions and capitalized wealth in an address entitled "Against Centralization".

The worst evils of industrialism he clearly predicted; he warned against the spoils system and the "splendor of a central government [which] dazzles the unthinking"; while expressing distrust of the consolidation of capital, he hesitated to "discuss this phase of the subject, for", as he explained, "of all men, I despise most cordially the demagogue who panders to the prejudice of the poor by abuse of the rich." Characteristic of Mr. Grady's philosophy is the following passage from his Charlottesville address: "The germ of the best patriotism is the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway."

Although manifestly theatrical effects were pronounced in most of the editorials and orations of Mr. Grady, these were usually secondary to a purposeful and solid content. Compared with the bombastic word-paintings and sing-song rhythms characteristic of the period in his locality, his own style was marked by factual responsibility and decorous restraint. As an editor of the *Constitution*, his contributions to the material building of Atlanta were perhaps even greater than those of William Rockhill Nelson, who, as editor of the *Star*, is by classic reputation credited with having been the inspired creator of Kansas City. At the height

of his promotional fervor, however, Mr. Grady preserved a certain admixture of grace and soundness which guarded him from the jangling bells of boosterism. Even his characterization of Florida oranges as "globes of gold" is rather better than the general mill-run of slogans.

Mr. Grady was a favorite speaker for country fairs and public celebrations of every kind. With rural audiences in mind he devised many homely illustrations of his essential text: a self-supporting South.

The following passage, repeated often in many versions, is an example of his concretely effectual manner:

They buried him [a "one gallus fellow" late of Pickens County, Georgia] in the midst of a marble quarry: they cut through solid marble to make his grave; and yet a little tombstone they put above him was from Vermont. They buried him in the midst of a pine forest, and yet the pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. They buried him within touch of an iron mine, and yet the nails in his coffin and the iron in the shovel that dug his grave were imported from Pittsburgh. They buried him by the side of the best sheep-grazing country on the earth, and yet the wool in the coffin bands and the coffin bands themselves were brought from the North. The South didn't furnish a thing on earth for that funeral but the corpse and the hole in the ground. There they put him away and the clods rattled down on his coffin, and they buried him in a New York coat and a Boston pair of shoes and a pair of breeches from Chicago and a shirt from Cincinnati.

Mr. Grady was the first to see the menace of the tenant system and farm mortgages as a substitute for slavery in the South. In Dallas he exclaimed in 1887: "Great is King Cotton! But to lie at his feet while the usurer and the grain-master bind us in subjection, is to invite the contempt of man and the reproach of God . . ."

Henry Watterson and Henry Woodfin Grady deeply marked the journalism and the thought processes of the South. Lacking the experience and urbanity of Mr. Watterson, Mr. Grady apparently was moving in the direction of increased scope and profundity when, becoming ill on the train from Boston in 1889, he suddenly died at his home in Atlanta at the age of thirty-eight. His message was more particularly for the South than was Mr. Watterson's; and so close is the application of his principles to the current problems of the South that he may well be regarded as an immensely relevant contemporary.



by Caroline B. Sherman

## FARM LIFE FICTION REACHES MATURITY

THE development of farm life fiction in America may be said to have occurred practically within the last fifteen years, yet signs are not wanting to indicate that the movement has already come of age. Although nearly one-third of our people were living on farms, and perhaps the majority of those living in cities had come from the farms, it was not until this century had reached its teens that novels dealing with farm life began to come occasionally from the press. Two or three such books that had made their appearance many years before may seem to us today like guides pointing the way toward a rich untilled field, but at the time no other writers seemed willing to follow Hamlin Garland along his *Main Travelled Roads* to the rural regions for their fictional material. Garland has told us in his later books how skeptical were his writing friends in the East as to the possibility of his using such material successfully, and he found his contemporaries in the Midwest only a little less dubious.

Surveying the movement in retrospect it now seems to have gotten under way only when Willa Cather began to publish her work around 1915. She was more fortunate than Mr. Garland, in her advisers, for she tells us in the preface to the later edition of her first book *Alexander's Bridge*, that when she showed this story of Cambridge, of England, and of Canada to Sarah Orne Jewett, who was devoting herself to sketches of her own Maine State, Miss Jewett said, in effect, that this kind of story was all very well but that Miss Cather would find, sooner or later, that she would do her best work with the scenes, and characters, and life, that she knew best and had known longest—those of the farms of the Middle West.

For the genuine farm life fiction is not that which deals with the wild West, as *The Virginian* of an older day, nor with merely frontier conditions as in *The Great Meadow* and *Cimarron* of recent date, nor with stories in a rural village setting like those by Mary E. Wilkins and Alice Brown. It deals rather with actual daily life on the farm—with farming as a way of life.

That Miss Jewett was planting in fertile ground is evident by the kind and quality of the books that began to come rather regularly from Miss Cather. "*O, Pioneers*," that story of faith in the land, foresight, unremitting effort, human understanding, and hard-won achievements at last, came in 1913; *Song of the Lark*, in which a farm-bred girl, through sturdy farm-fed determination won through to recognition, came in 1915; *My Antonia*, still generally recognized as one of the best and truest of the farm novels yet written, came in 1918. To some of us it was like discovering a spring of clear fresh water that flowed evenly regardless of season. Perhaps because they were written when the demand for such books was almost non-existent and must therefore have been written through genuine conviction and a strong inner urge, we can still classify them as among the best we have ever had. Miss Cather's later work may show greater penetration in analysis, greater brilliancy and subtlety of style, but for sheer comprehension of character, recognition of values and power to depict them, her earlier books still stand unchallenged.

For the next few years novels dealing with farm life appeared from time to time, but were still so infrequent as to be watched for carefully and noted with satisfaction by those who were especially interested. Whether good or indifferent they were welcomed as serving to bring attention to the neglected subject of the farm and the life there—whether to its possibilities or its limitations.

Many readers today would probably find it difficult to realize how little was published about the farm or about agriculture in the general and literary magazines, and in fiction and popular non-fiction, before the decade that has just closed. If general books on the subject were infrequent, magazine articles were only little more usual. As late as 1921 we find a sketch in a semi-agricultural periodical calling attention, somewhat jubilantly, to the fact that all classes of magazines are at last publishing discussions of various phases of the agricultural situation or of agriculture in general: "When monthly magazines like the *Forum*, the *Review of Reviews*, and the *Atlantic Monthly* give such articles to us with increasing frequency our interest quickens and we find ourselves on the lookout for them everywhere."

Of the other farm books that appeared before 1920, only a

few are still readily found in the lists. *The Wind Before the Dawn*, *The Soddy*, and *Seth's Brother's Wife* served a definite purpose in directing the attention of the general public once again to the farm, if but fleetingly; they are difficult to find on the shelves today.

But soon after 1920 the interest in the farm life novel became active—then for a year or two, we might almost say it became acute. Some of us who had watched eagerly for each new volume to add to the meager shelf on the subject began to be almost alarmed lest the interest assume the proportions of a fad, which in literature sometimes seems almost as disastrous in after effects as a boom in land values is in agriculture. Those who were most interested greatly preferred to see a slow steady growth and progress in the movement rather than sporadic and more or less spurious developments. They wanted to see the field worked by skilled authors who yet knew at first hand their characters, their themes, and the environment and the life of the farm; whereas the popularity of the rural theme seemed to be attracting writers of all kinds—some who were much in earnest but who were not experienced in writing, and others who owned facile pens but few convictions, and who apparently felt anybody that could turn the trick once and get away with it.

Many factors combined to bring about this unexpected popular interest in the rural novel. Rural backgrounds and themes were well calculated to meet the robust demands made by the exponents and the followers of realism. They fitted even more exactly the requirements brought about by that rather definite trend toward nationalism, or the embodiment of the national spirit, in the arts, as shaped and encouraged and exemplified by Stuart Sherman in criticism, Hamlin Garland in fiction, Harriet Monroe in poetry, Lorado Taft in sculpture, Jens Jensen in landscape architecture, and a few other then-adventurous spirits in the midlands and elsewhere. Psychoanalysts needed rural characters to complete the varied assortment on which they wished to work; and the question of just how naturally rural people react alike to certain stimuli, how much they react like townsmen, and in what way and to which stimuli they react as individuals are still questions on which there is a great diversity of opinion.

Post-war agricultural depressions and their repercussions in

other walks of life constituted, of course, the potent force that provided an entrance for agriculture to the pages of general and literary magazines. They had their effect on fiction as well. Business was enjoying prosperous days except as lack of agricultural buying power proved a drag in some lines of industry, so the spotlight was turned on agriculture in order to learn how to prevent it from retarding the progress of the wheels of industry. The ways of the farm and the inter-relationship between town and country became matters of general interest among all groups of readers.

Depressions have since come to be such an ubiquitous subject that we turn with relief to that far more fascinating factor—the influence of the Middle West on American letters. As these great agricultural States have passed beyond the pioneer phases they have attracted men and women to their universities and other centers whose writing and work in the other arts, which previously exhibited an eastern point of view, have naturally developed a wider aspect and horizon, and a newer treatment and interpretation. Thus Clarence Walworth Alvord in history and Theodore Thomas in music.

Then, following the development of an organized life that makes possible at least a margin of time for leisure and reflection, and makes possible a concentration of effort on something other than conquest of conditions, one vibrant writer after another emerged among the young people in the Middle West. No matter how far they traveled or how widely afield they carried their characters or found stimulus and guidance, their writing almost always showed a distinct Midwestern flavor. In fiction particularly, in which rules and traditions were more readily laid aside than in other kinds of writing, the story was likely to be rooted firmly in the soil and to deal chiefly with the life as it is lived on the farm or with the influence of those early conditions on the later lives of the young people after they leave the farms. Consciously or subconsciously these writers worked, almost inevitably, from a rural background.

Sources of American literature showed such definite signs of a westward shift, that we find, during this period, some of our leading long-established literary magazines turning to the Midwest for editors. Thomas B. Wells came to *Harper's* during this period

and Glenn Frank and then Hewitt H. Howland came to the *Century*. And when one of the great New York dailies was to organize a review of literature to be issued separately as *Books* it called Stuart Sherman from his academic watchtower in the prairies whence he had been observing and guiding with high ideals but a broad sympathy the vigorous younger American writers both in the East and in the West.

Development of writing in the Middle West was a powerful factor in the development of rural fiction; the large majority of farm life novels have come from, or dealt with, that area, but it does not hold a monopoly. Dorothy Scarborough contributed an occasional volume from Texas during this period, and here and there a sporadic volume appeared from a little-known author. But in 1925 not only rural fiction followers but the reading public generally were electrified by the entrance into the field of no less a person than Ellen Glasgow. This time that valorous lance bearer came not to pierce the venerated and glittering armor of a blue-blooded Virginian as is her wont, but to build up before our eyes, in *Barren Ground*, a forthright, straight-seeing, straight-thinking character who, disappointed in the time-honored province of woman, turned to the land as the source of solace and satisfaction and wrung from life, through her own determination and the work of her own hands, the same kind of victory with the forces of nature that a man demands, plus a victory of self and spirit that transcends material advancement.

Came, too, during the next year, a Southern writer, entirely unknown but bringing in her hands such a finished piece of workmanship in the wistfully sensitive *Time of Man* that America greeted Elizabeth Madox Roberts at once as a national figure in fiction.

An extrinsic but probably potent factor in the heightened interest in rural novels and in the increase of their number was the discovery of their prize-winning propensities. Regardless of what we may think of the whole theory of prizes, we must admit that neither authors nor the public as groups are indifferent to them. The Pulitzer award to the American novel "that shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standards of American manners and manhood" seemed to suggest inevitably to the judges a farm atmosphere and a vigorous type of



farm man or woman. At all events for several successive years, beginning with 1923, the record reads like an awarding of a rural-fiction prize: to Willa Cather for *One of Ours*, to Margaret Wilson for *The Able McLaughlins*, to Edna Ferber for *So Big*. When it went to *Early Autumn* it still savored of a rural award, for the Editor of the *Bookman* had stated that he believed Bromfield in this book and Garland in *Trail Makers of the Middle Border* were doing, in their separate ways, much the same thing. The more recent wording of the award seems to reflect the shift in emphasis in American literature generally toward distinctive regionalism if we are to judge by *Scarlet Sister Mary* and *Laughing Boy*.

Nor were the Pulitzer awards the only prizes that were going to rural writing. First place in the Harper novel contest of its year was also won by *The Able McLaughlins*; and Glenway Wescott's unusual story of his pioneer forbears in Wisconsin, *The Grandmothers*, won in a similar Harper contest a little later. The fiction prize awarded by the Pictorial Review was won at about this time by Martha Ostenso for *Wild Geese*. At an earlier date the Pulitzer biographical prize had gone to Garland's *Daughter of the Middle Border*, which had been announced by its publisher as fiction. At about the same time the Outlook awarded a farmer a prize, in a letter contest, for writing that old and honorable weekly that its next job was to interpret the agriculturist to the rest of the world.

Last year the coveted award of the Atlantic Monthly, offered to authors the world over for the most significant biography of any kind, of any person, in any nation, of any period, was conferred on *Grandmother Brown's One Hundred Years*, the story of a good, long, quiet life well lived by doing each day the daily task, no matter how difficult or trivial but with eyes always on the eventual goal—to bring up her large family, on her Iowa farm, in such a way that they would make useful citizens in the world beyond the prairie horizons. Her life was said to be representative of the average life of the dauntless American farm woman told in the simplest way by her daughter-in-law Harriet Connor Brown.

This year has brought two rural prizes. One of the Roosevelt Memorial awards has recently gone to Hamlin Garland as an historian of the Middle West, and this year's Pulitzer award for poetry has gone to Robert Frost who does actual New England

farming when not writing his country verse. His volume on New Hampshire won the same award a few years ago.

This year the National Arts Club, with Hamlin Garland on the committee of award, offers a prize for a literary work that will best reveal the Soul of America, in any form which will bring out the aspects of our civilization that are fundamental and admirable. Does it require a prophet to believe that the award will be won by work that deals chiefly with life as it is lived in or influenced by rural America?

Small wonder that the closest well wishers of farm-life fiction, like experienced guardians of precocious children, felt gratification change to something very like apprehension as one prize after another was widely heralded for this work, the full flavor and meaning of which could be realized only by the discriminating reader. A multitude of imitators and a satiated public would be a high price to pay for such glory. They wanted to see a normal healthy development through the precarious years of adolescence until a wellbalanced maturity was safely reached.

It is reached at last. Not by merely one but by many tests can we assure ourselves that this is true. Rural fiction has withstood lack of recognition, excess of recognition; has withstood neglect and imitation. It stands today a normal wholesome entity now fully come of age.

So fully has farm life fiction now come into its own that we are today in a position to demand of it the same standards we demand of other good fiction. No longer do we need to be satisfied merely with sincerity and a true picture of certain farm conditions. The farm novel must give to us strong characterization, insight, a savor, and good literary style and craftsmanship. Plot and stimulating narrative are not so necessary in this type of fiction as are realized characters and the evocation of atmosphere but when plot is employed it must be indigenous to the conditions. Often our rural novels, besides these characteristics, have other strong claims to attention, as the compact epic quality of Ruth Suckow's *Country People*, the wistful appeal of *Time of Men*, the poetic quality of Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine*, the telling of a good tale as in *Jalna* (another prize novel, by the way, and one adding distinct variety to our fiction of the land), a feeling for landscape as in Fisher's *Toilers of the Hills*, and many of the best rural novels.

Relative stability in farm life, and a tendency in farm life toward continuity of effort, means that it lends itself rather readily to a modified saga form. This kind of treatment is exemplified in Garland's series, probably unmatched as such in America, and variously classified as fictionized biography and biographical fiction—*Trail Makers of the Middle Border*, *A Son of the Middle Border*, *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, and *Back Trailers from the Middle Border*. Here we have a well-realized story, full of significance, of successive generations of a stalwart family of born land-makers—the kind of folk by whom our early republic was maintained and enlarged.

A close second is found in Herbert Quick's trilogy: *Vandemark's Folly*, *the Hawkeye*, and *The Invisible Woman*. We see in the first book the coming of the pioneer families into Iowa and the taking up of land; in the second the development of the farm community and community organization; in the third the farm community in relation to the workings of a great agricultural State. We find Iowa a frontier country dealing with problems of isolation; we leave it a great commonwealth in the center of the nation, dealing with the problems of expanding institutions and giant corporations. The very existence of these sequences is an evidence of the substance and body and maturity of this farm life fiction. It is already building traditions of its own.

It has reached such definite maturity that we now have all kinds of successful treatment, some of them seemingly indigenous, others seemingly somewhat extraneous, but all meeting with approval in certain critical quarters. Thus we have the severely objective in Ruth Suckow's books, the warmly subjective as in *Barren Ground* and Frederick's *Green Bush*, the dramatic or melodramatic in Martha Ostenso's *Wild Geese* and *Dark Dawn*, the reportorial in the best sense in *So Big*, the lyrical in *Maria Chapdelaine*.

Mention the kind or type of treatment you prefer and we can find it somewhere in this fiction; mention the kind of action you like, whether rapid and breathless or slow and philosophical, and we can find it for you. Mention the geographical region you prefer and we can take you there.

We find in the books diametrically opposite viewpoints. We have the habits and characteristics of foreign neighbors and the evidences of their reactions to American life as seen through

American eyes in *My Antonia*, and we have the habits and characteristics of American neighbors as seen through the eyes of the immigrants, and the subjective revelation of their own response to America in *Giants in the Earth*. We have the exuberantly dominant husbandman with the shrinking and haunted wife in *Giants in the Earth*; we have the natural-born productive farm woman with the mildly interested farm husband in *My Antonia*; and we have the mutually attuned farm man and woman in *Can't Get a Red Bird*, in *Gretna Bush*, in *Red Rust*, and in *Maria Chapdelaine*.

That farm life fiction has won through to maturity is shown, too, in the mellowing viewpoint of some of its exponents. Thus Garland's first books showed underlying bitterness when he wrote of the farm but his later books (until the *Back Trailers*) have a truer perspective and reveal both the bad and good of farm work, farm living, and farm conditions. Miss Suckow's books show a progressive leavening of her material with a brief imagination. Meanwhile, Miss Scarborough is working away from the somewhat sentimental attitude of her earlier books to the too-literal transcriptions in *Can't Get a Red Bird*.

Which leads to the observation that in rural as in other fiction propaganda simply does not lend itself to what, for lack of an apt but less ambitious term, we may call artistry. It may be useful, needed, informative—it is not artistic. We prefer to see it restricted to article, essay, or other nonfiction use. The first half of *Can't Get a Red Bird* is well done in many ways; in it the author is engaged in setting her stage, developing her background, delineating her characters. During the last half, in which her people and organizations are engaged in active and modern warfare against crushing economic conditions, our interest remains and perhaps quickens as we seek to identify characters and incidents in recent agricultural history, but our pleasure in it as a well-wrought book wanes rapidly.

When economic affairs so condition the whole story that they become the very warp through which the characters weave as the woof, in the hands of a skillful writer we realize them through absorption—they are in the lines, they are between the lines, they are an inherent and well proportioned part of the whole. Thus tenancy in *Time of Man*, worn-out soils in *Barren Ground*, ad-

justment to change in Mrs. Cannon's *Heirs*. This is very different from the polemic effect we get when the author brings the axe to the grindstone and grinds it with the characteristic audible protests of that time-honored farm implement.

Another indication of the maturity of this fiction is the number of volumes that have been profitable enough to be reprinted in dollar editions, sometimes long after the book has had its first popularity. *O, Pioneers*, *The Able McLaughlins*, *The Hawkeye*, *So Big*, *Barren Ground*, *Time of Man*, and Mrs. Cannon's *Red Rust* are among them. Remembering the nature of these volumes it seems evident that universality of appeal is the explanation rather than any more superficial element of popularity. On the other hand some of the specially bound autographed copies of *My Antonia* sell at fancy figures.

Beyond the elements that go to make good fiction generally, is it possible to characterize what it is that makes good *farm life* fiction? We believe it is.

In addition to the essentials, good rural fiction at least suggests both sides of farm life—the limitations and the advantages. It never pictures farm life as an easy life, or as a business that gives adequate money return for total efforts expended; it always shows continuous effort as necessary to success, and success is likely to be measured largely in other terms than dollars.

Next, the true farm life novel shows in diverse ways a kinship between the leading characters and the soil. It cannot be really indigenous if it does not. It may be a kinship fraught with irritations, or, as in books that stir us deeply, it may be a profound affinity. In our American books the attitude toward the soil of those who love it is likely to be one of hope, of looking to the future, and to fulfillment, as contrasted with the tradition and veneration of the soil and the ways of the past that we find in the writing of the old countries.

The true farm life story is permeated with the sense of growth: growth of character, growth of living things, growth of farms or of community. A certain rhythm as of the seasons often characterizes whole passages in the book. Not only are the style and the characters closely related to the country rhythms but the vocabulary and the figures of speech are closely related to the earth, the sky, the fields, and the forests and all that goes to make up country life.



Finally the satisfactions of the truly rural characters are not the conventional satisfactions of most modern fiction. At best there is never money for more than simple comforts, hard won schooling, adequate surroundings. Marriage is seldom the goal—the real story in *So Big* begins after the death of the husband; marriage in the lives of *Dorinda* and *Alexandra* is an incidental thing. Fame is foreign to all of their minds. The victories come in the working out of character—the conquest of self as in *Dorinda* of *Barren Ground* and Frank in *Green Bush*; in the working out of the enigmas of nature—as in the search for the resistant wheat in *Red Rust*; in the mastery of the secret of successful working with land and nature to make fertile farms, productive lives—a genuine and generous (but never a profitable) contribution to a fruitful nation as in *O, Pioneers*, *My Antonia*, *So Big*, *Giants in the Earth*, and most of the best of the farm stories. In short, in the best farm life fiction the victories and achievements are largely of the spirit, although realized in some instances in a material form, and whether tangible or intangible they are one with the environment and the way of life.

Has farm life fiction a future? Many are inclined to think of such writing as necessarily dealing with pioneer conditions but *Early Autumn* deals with decadent factors in New England while *Heirs* deals essentially with later conditions in the same region which we believe to be ultimately rejuvenating—the conditions of change condition the very stories themselves. As our agriculture continues to change it will open new themes for fiction. And if a fickle public turns from realism to romance or the historical novel we have the rich rural material for such writing as revealed in different guise in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, and in Tom's story as embedded "like a turquoise in old silver" in the midst of Miss Cather's *The Professor's House*. Pioneer farm stories are often, in essence, the story of great adventure if we must learn to treat them so.

But we are permitted to hope that farm life fiction can adjust itself to such shifts in demand without doing violence to the inherent truths and the relative values in its material on the one hand or without devitalizing it on the other. For Herbert Quick's stories are usually stories of politics with its strategies and intrigues, he has given us a tense court scene with all its attendant

thrills, and he has introduced us to the insanity that is engaging the attention of our newest writers. On the contrary *Maria Chapdelaine* will satisfy a yearning for an idyl in content and for poetic prose. If we want a far field, Miss Cather can take her farm boy out from Nebraska to a foreign war as in *One of Ours* or her farm girl out to brilliant success on the singing stage as in *Song of the Lark* yet at heart they are a farm boy and a farm girl still. On the other hand, even our most caustic critics accept the best books of farm fiction as authentically American. The farm novel fits particularly well into the regional scheme of fiction. Then one of our latest farm novels, Edmonds' *Big Barn*, was announced by its publishers as an historical novel. Hamlin Garland's method and predilections guided him toward the biographic treatment of his theme before the present demand for fictional biography. So we believe that, no matter how the public demand may shift, our farm life fiction has a promising future and we hope for it a ripe and a mellow old age.

*by Marshall Morgan*

### THE WALL

The texture of the Wall is such that one  
Can neither touch, nor taste, nor see it; but the clinging  
Smell of roses, rotting in the sun,  
Surrounds it, and the bells of bafflement start ringing  
When those importunate draw near, and knock,  
Demanding passage through the Wall's gray core;  
But earthly keys are blunted in the lock  
Unearthly, and no axe can break this door;

For the Wall dissolves as one turns to it,—  
Submits, but conquers: though one press  
Forever on, one never could get through it,  
But only stumble in a stuff of nothingness,  
Bewildered that a Wall so thin could hide  
Friends once on this, now on the other side.

*by Clinton Scollard*

### BALLADE TO EDGAR POE

You whom our bleak New England bore,  
Albeit you were southern bred,  
Even in youth about you wore  
An aura by some radiance shed;  
Upon strange dreams your fancies fed;  
You quaffed from the Pierian spring,  
Yet ever hung above your head  
The shadow of the raven's wing.

Deeply you dipped in mystic lore,  
By ghoul and goblin sore bestead;  
Like the sad Prince of Elsinore  
Your thoughts were oft disquieted;  
Sweet songs you shaped that still we sing,  
Weird tales you wove of dole and dread,  
Yet ever hung above your head  
The shadow of the raven's wing.

On move the years, yet more and more,  
Although your spirit now has sped  
To Aidenn's visionary shore,  
We turn to you enamored, led  
By all the beauties that were wed  
Within your brain, each magic thing,  
Though ever hung above your head  
The shadow of the raven's wing.

### ENVOY

Poet, of the untimely dead,  
For you our sad compassioning,  
Since ever hung above your head  
The shadow of the raven's wing!

by Gay W. Allen

## JURGEN AND FAUST

The appearance of the *Storisende*<sup>1</sup> edition of the works of James Branch Cabell marked, no doubt, his retrogression to Nirvana, but unfortunately no one seems to have forgotten the fact that one cool day in Boston (the day prohibition came in, I believe Mr. Cabell says somewhere) *Jurgen* was banned as offensive and lewd and lascivious and indecent, or some such words to that effect. Perhaps the evils of that particular action of the Watch and Ward will never completely cease to pollute the Cabellian waters: each new book of Mr. Cabell's bears new evidence of his bitterness (regardless of the fact that the scandalous publicity reaped certain astounding material rewards), and scarcely any readers of *Jurgen* today seem to be able to steer clear of the two camps that have sprung up—the one regarding the book as a sort of modern apocryphal *Tobit* and the other agreeing with the tumblebug that “yonder page has a staff which I elect to declare is not a staff”.

In order at least to throw a new emphasis on *Jurgen*, I propose a comparison which I think has never been considered before—*Jurgen* and *Faust*. At first appearances such a critical comparison seems as absurd and futile as a comparison between Bernard Shaw and Saint Peter, Anatole France and Calvin Coolidge, or Cabell and Goethe themselves. And in attempting it the author would not be surprised to hear someone murmur the words that the Brown Man with Queer Feet (Chap. XIX) paraphrased from Schiller's *Jungfrau*: “*Mit der Dummheit Kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens*”. “But still, at the same time—,” as *Jurgen* would muse.

*Faust* and *Jurgen*, as pieces of literature, are so unlike that they remind us of that alliterative antithesis, Jesus and Judas. The one is a novel in prose form (though occasionally the prose scans excellently and in chapter XIV a perfect sonnet may be discovered); the other a drama in verse; however, both are in reality

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<sup>1</sup>*Storisende* Edition of the Work of James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert McBride & Company. 1930.

✓ spiritual Odysseys, conceived on the epic scale. Then Goethe's Classico-Romanticism has a certain tangible morality, while Cabell's Realistic-Romanticism, by its very nature and philosophical attitude, is not concerned with morals—and the anti-Cabel-lites and the tumblebugs of Philistia who relegated Jurgen to limbo would even declare that is *immoral*!

Furthermore, *Faust* attempts to uplift mankind, and, even though tragic, is optimistic, Christian (in the Lessing and Goethe sense of the term), sincere, and Teutonically sentimental; *Jurgen* is cynical, sneering, satirical, decidedly non-Christian if not downright anti-Christian, and no more sentimental than *Candide*.

Cabell's pedants Verville and Bülg might make a comparison between the sources of the authors' material: Goethe constructed his drama out of the nebular "Faust Legends", so traditionally common in Goethe's youth, and Cabell used the fables of St. Iurgenius. (I beg to withhold my personal opinions concerning the author's explanations of his "Jurgen Mythology"; there is, however, a town in Germany, near Bremen, named St. Jurgen.) Cabell's "Walburga's Eve" is in many ways an imitation of Goethe's *Walpurgis Nacht*. The Brown Man with Queer Feet shows kinship with the prophetess Manto, whom Chiron asked to heal Faust of his infatuation for Helen. In each piece of literature the fabled Helen of Troy, the epitome of Classical Beauty, figures, symbolizing Faust's striving for Beauty, and in *Jurgen* representing the Ideal of Beauty which men perceive through the veil of romantic love. In each the same mythological personages, centurs (hamadryads, vampires, and devils are to be found)—though in *Faust* they are more often mere caricatures.

It would be possible, I think, to make out a good case for at least one similar trait in the philosophies of Faust and Jurgen, *i.e.*, their divine dissatisfaction. Indeed, perhaps this trait is one of the most important motivations back of the genius of Saint Joan, the personage of the four Gospels, Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, and Zarathustra. True, Christ, St. Joan, and Zarathustra had divine or cosmic compulsions to their visions and they were willing to suffer any martyrdom for them. Their visions gave them genius which made them revolutionaries, and thus saints. Faust and Jurgen lack the divine compulsions, but they have the cosmic one.



Faust had no preconceived vision to live by and die by, and if Jurgen ever had a conviction on anything it was, merely, that some injustice was being perpetrated upon him, regardless of the fact that he was, as he was willing to concede, "a monstrous clever fellow". But they each 'possess abundant portions, certainly amounting very nearly to that of genius, of the unrest, the unsatisfied desire, the eternal impulse of dissatisfaction that enthalls (in different degrees) all mankind. Every *Mensch* is afflicted by this unrest; some it makes geniuses, while to others it gives a neurosis that causes insanity. Thus we have our Papinis in real life and our Fausts and Jurgens in literature.

## II

In the Prologue in Heaven of *Faust* Mephistopheles tells the Lord:

*Nein Herr! ich find! es dort, wie immer, herzlich schlecht.  
Die Menschen dauern mich in ihren Jammertagen,  
Ich mag sogar die Armen selbst nicht plagen.*

And then after the Lord tells Mephisto that His servant Faust will remain true to Him until the end, Mephisto replies:

*Fürwahr! er dient euch auf besondre Weise.  
Nicht irdisch ist des Thoren Trank noch Speise,  
Ihn treibt die Gährung in die Ferne,  
Er ist sich seiner Tollheit halb bewusst;  
Vom Himmel fordert er die schönsten Sterne,  
Und von der Erde jede höchste Lust,  
Und alle Näh und alle Ferne  
Befriedigt nicht die tiefbewegte Brust.*

As in the Job drama, the Devil is given permission to test the Lord's s servant, and the drama begins.

Mephistopheles, with his Satanic magic, gives Faust every pleasure that he can provide, but all fail to satisfy the man who would take unto himself eagle's wings and fly over Earth and Heaven. However, Mephisto gives Faust only sensual pleasures; and at the end, after the "Faust and Gretchen Drama" (of the First Part) and Faust's marriage with Helen (in the Second Part), symbolizing Faust's attainment of his ideal of Beauty, had failed to satisfy him, he finally does find happiness and contentment in service to humanity. When he finally stands, in his imagination at least, "a free man among a free people" whom he had helped make

free—but not without certain assistance of the Devil's magic, let us remember—he can not but exclaim to the fleeting Moment, "*Verweile doch, du bist so schön!*"

This fulfills part of the compact with the Devil, and Faust dies; but the compact in its entirety has not been fulfilled, and the Devil, we are assured, does not get Faust's soul. The Lord has expected His servant to make many blunders—"*Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt*". He had told Mephisto—; and Faust did continue to strive; his moment of satisfaction was caused by his philanthropy, and the Devil he resisted until the last, for thus does Mephisto admit it:

*Ihn sättigt keine Lust, ihm g'nügt kein Glück,  
So buhlt er fort nach wechselnden Gestalten;  
Den letzten, schlechten, leeren Augenblick  
Der Arme wünscht ihn fest zu halten.  
Der mir so kräftig widerstand,  
Die Zeit wird Herr, der Greis hier liegt im Sand  
Die Uhr steht still—*

The great drama ends with the assurance that the eternal spirit of Love ever draws mankind above. Faust's tragic guilt was his desire for the "eagle's wings", just as Jurgen's might be said to be (though he is not, adhering strictly to the definition of tragedy, a tragic figure) his weakness in bending to things as they are. Faust attained perfection and contentment through evil—i.e., his final moment of contentment would not have been made possible without his experience with evil. Faust was subject to the same desires that Jurgen was, but he won through (or yielded—depending upon the reader's ethical point of view) to a position from which he was able to side with things as they are, after having more or less successfully conquered them—with the aid of evil. From one point of view he came over to the side of the victor less as a conquered enemy than as an ally.

Goethe tried to convince us that Faust learned to serve for the sake of serving, and perhaps he did. But the cynically inclined have abundant grounds for feeling that after all it was merely his egocentric desire happiness. Yet the fact remains that through evil Faust transcended the man, the sensual, and attained his desire for complete satisfaction even if but for a fleeting moment.

## III

In *Jurgen* there is no question of right and wrong. The entire work is merely a satirical representation of the spirit which in man keeps him forever striving, if also, consequently, forever erring. Jurgen attained nothing. After following him to the end of the fable one feels as Teufelsdröckh did when, after watching the flood of humanity flow past, he exclaimed, "*Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin*". Jurgen travelled in a circle and finally arrived back at the same place where he began—with his paunchy, aged physique, his unhappy disposition, and his quarrelsome wife.

The heroes of both of these stories have another similarity in that they are both middle-aged before their authors lend them back their youth in order to make the plot possible. Faust signed a compact with Mephistopheles to regain his youth; Jurgen donned the shirt of Nessus, which he later returned in a fit of Melancholia—and at his wife's command—and took up life as he had left it. Thus Cabell has used the same trick that Goethe tried: he has carried his hero through all the various experiences of mortal life in order that he might attain the object of human life—if such there be! But Jurgen did not know that which he desired; and, as he confessed to himself, ". . . the will of Jurgen is like a feather in the wind".

His journey began in his endeavor to "do the manly thing", not that Jurgen wanted to do the manly thing—but, it must be remembered, there were certain pressing conventions. To recompense Jurgen for defending him in an argument with a monk, the Prince of Darkness, whom we later learn to know as *Koschei*, sent away Jurgen's quarrelsome wife, who for some unique reason Jurgen believed did not understand him. In his search for his wife Jurgen was given all experiences that the flesh could desire, or human mind imagine. *Koschei*, or the Maker of Things as They Are, as Jurgen learns to know him, is in Russian folk-lore a wicked magician. As in *Faust*, the Evil Creator of "Things as They Are" is the one who gives the hero his fling at gaining experience.

So Jurgen began the search for his lost wife—whom he believed "to have been stolen by a devil, poor fellow"—and in his search he was given, after cajoling Mother Sereda into restoring his youth (though donning the shirt of Nessus may be regarded

as equivalent to Faust's signing the compact, it is Mother Sereda who lends him back a certain Wednesday of his youth, which he retains until he discards the shirt), the finest sensual pleasures a poet ever dreams of. Queen Anaïtis even invented some new perversions for him. But even Anaïtis could not make him satisfied, for Jurgen was human—which inflicts certain limitations—and then, if we must recite the oracular jingle, Jurgen was Jurgen.

There was nothing wrong with the Queen's philosophy except that she was a creation of the philologists and Jurgen was not. Perhaps if we were all dependent upon the philologists for our existence, we might believe in the efficacy of her philosophy, and then there would have been no need to record *La Haulte Histoire de Jurgen*, for *Faust* to have been written, or for the canonization of saints. She tried to teach Jurgen thus:

"For all men that live have but a little while to live, and no one knows his fate hereafter. So that a man possesses nothing certainly save a brief loan of his body; and yet the body of man is capable of much curious pleasure. As thus and and thus," said Anaïtis. And she revealed devices to her Prince Consort.

{ (Anaïtis, by the way, is the Armenian cognate of the Phoenician Astarte, the Ashtaroth of Canaan, the Greek Aphrodite.) Jurgen enjoyed her devices, and yet he continued to muse: "Why is it, then, that I am not content? And what thing is this which I desire. It seems to me there is some injustice being perpetrated upon Jurgen, somewhere."

A parallel might also be traced between Faust's evolution from Gretchen to Helen and Jurgen's youthful love with Dorothy, his philandering with Guenevere, his erotic passion with Anaïtis, his matrimony with Chloris, and his extra-marital relations with the Vampire. A very complete account of the *vies amoureuses* of any man!

After finally wandering through all the countries of the Earth, Hell, and Heaven, even for a time sitting on the very throne of God—the God of his grandmother, to be sure—Jurgen finally asked Koschei to give him back his old quarrelsome wife. After consorting with the fairest queens that ever lived even in mythology, Jurgen returned to his homely wife and prosaic pawn shop, not because he could be satisfied with them, not that he expected

ever to find happiness on earth, or justice in the universe, but—what else was he to do?

And yet Jurgen refused to believe in the nothingness of himself and the universe. He still could not believe what he saw with his own eyes when the Brown Man with Queer Feet showed him the Truth. No wonder the Brown Man exclaimed:

“Now but before a fool’s opinion of himself the Gods are powerless. Oh, yes, and envious, too!”

Cabell’s fable of Jurgen ends with Jurgen still living; the man had trod every path through which Mephistopheles could possibly have led Faust—or, at any rate, through which he would have desired to lead Faust—; but the story of *Faust* is idealistic, while *Jurgen* is realistic: the man who had faced intrepidly dragons and devils and beautiful women, including every woman with whom he had ever had a liason, turned pale when he remembered that he was returning home without the butter which his wife had commanded him to fetch! (before he met the Prince of Darkness and began his curious journey.)

There is much to be said as to whether or not Jurgen is a tragic character. Tragedy, by ordinary, arises from a discrepancy between a character and its aims, and things as they are. The orthodox tragic conclusion is of course the destruction of the person or happiness of that character. In Jurgen there is that same discrepancy, but the catastrophe lies in Jurgen’s reconciliation to things as they are. Prometheus, though in constant agony and torment, is yet victorious in maintaining the integrity of his will. Antigone has at least the consciousness of right with her. Oedipus feels himself as a sort of divine example of the operation of the moral law. Even in the more pessimistic Shakespearean dramas, the character usually contrives to preserve some semblance of coherence and continuity.

But Jurgen is, as the acrostic dedication to Burton Rascoe has it, “consent to compromise”: the recurrence of that word *compromise* in the various chapter headings bears out the idea that it is the weakness to bend to the injustice of things as they are, a weakness begotten of the knowledge that Jurgen is a monstrous clever fellow who can get around Mother Sereda, saints, and Grandfather Satan, that Cabell would regard as the most ignoble



kind of defeat. It is an inevitable and universal defeat, to be sure; but the essential tragedy of it all is only accordingly augmented and intensified.

Faust, by his eternal striving, came at last to perceive and participate in the cosmic Justice; but for Jurgen, who lived by compromise, the most thorough search from Heaven through the World to Hell left Justice unrevealed in any corner of this universe of Koschei who made things as they are.

*by Hansell Baugh*

## AN EXPERIMENT IN SOUTHERN LETTERS

INNOCENCE ABROAD, by Emily Clark. New York: Alfred Knopf, Inc. \$2.50.

"Innocence at Home" would more nearly describe this book to a Southern reader, for it is primarily a record of that always interesting magazine of ten years ago, the *Richmond Reviewer*, to which Southern writers with names then unknown contributed their early writings for "fame, not specie", and to which established authors in others parts of this country, and in Europe also, contributed out of the kindness of their hearts. Miss Clark, founder of the enterprise and its moving spirit for four of the five years it endured, has written a lively and personal narrative that is not to be compared with any other editorial memoirs known to me. An introductory chapter tells the amusing vicissitudes of this "experiment in Southern letters" from the time its first semi-monthly issue appeared, in February, 1921, through the period of larger and more leisurely monthly numbers (three of which James Branch Cabell edited single-handed), up to the last of the quarterly issues which Miss Clark and Hunter Staggs sent out from Richmond in October, 1924, before they resigned the "orphan" *Reviewer* to Paul Green, who moved it to Chapel Hill for its final year.

This first chapter exposes with admirable gusto the difficulties besetting editors of a magazine without subsidy or advertisers, and

seems to point the moral that exuberance conquers all: a moral which might inspire future editors of other little magazines, so long as they do not subscribe to Miss Clark's declaration that "the day of little magazines is, very surely, now dead". In any case, present and past editors of magazines little or large can wonder and admire; for within less than four years the *Reviewer* had achieved thirty-one issues "without paying a penny for material", and the contributors of that material had included such a variety of well-known names as those of Cabell, Mencken, Hergesheimer, Van Vechten, Ernest Boyd, Ellen Glasgow, and Amelie Rives. These seven were the *Reviewer's* benevolent god-parents. Other frequent contributors, of names at that time scarcely known at all, were Frances Newman, Julia Peterkin, DuBose Heyward, Paul Green, and Gerald W. Johnson. These last five were the *Reviewer's* major "discoveries" in its own geographical territory. And it is of the work and personality of these seven god-parents and these five discoveries that the remaining chapters of Miss Clark's book treat, with the addition also of a chapter on Elinor Wylie, who was a friend and visitor and literary idol of the *Reviewer's*, though not a contributor.

Yet these twelve contributors are far from constituting the complete roster of the *Reviewer's* benefactor in encouraging their early efforts: through publication, if not through economic reward. Miss Clark records the appearance of work by Allen Tate, Hervey Allen, John Bennett, Sara Haardt, George Stevens, "and many others", along with gifts of verse and prose from Robert Nathan, Guy Holt, Burton Rascoe, Amy Lowell, George Sterling in America, and, in the British Isles and the Continent, from Galsworthy, Machen, Firbank, Gertrude Stein, and Edwin Muir. The young talents of Margery Latimer and Lynn Riggs were welcomed with one hand when the other was receiving manuscripts from Achmed Abdullah and Aleister Crowley.

In the midst of this pleasantly unpredictable variety of comments, a prevailing tone, always recognizable as the *Reviewer's* particular voice, was maintained by the most frequently contributing of the magazine's seven god-parents and five discoveries. On the whole, the voice was that of the nineteen twenties, and it is as a record of the personalities of that decade and of this periodical

organ of their opinion that Miss Clark's book has its deepest interest.

Her method of presentation appropriately varies with the subject, but there is throughout the book a pervading penetration of vision, an insight with few illustrations, which makes *Innocence Abroad* one of the most intimate and yet most devastating treatments that contemporary writers have yet received. Innocence came home from its excursion transformed into a considerable wisdom, but a wisdom which went hand in hand with gaiety instead of the sadness proverbially attributed to "wiser men". Miss Clark seems to have retained the rare attribute of liking people without remaining blind to their regrettable peculiarities; one is uncertain only whether her distastes may perhaps occasion forgetfulness of other peculiarities which need not be considered in every case regrettable—which might indeed exercise a claim on one's interest rather than one's indulgence. It is made quite clear to the reader, whatever his station in life, whatever his place of birth and of residence, that Miss Clark considers nothing else so admirable as a Virginia gentleman—be it a Virginia lady, or even a Charleston gentleman. Quite as disarming as this honesty is her modesty: at the outset she characterizes herself as "neither critic nor commentator" and therefore refrains from literary estimations throughout these chapters, except in the case of Miss Glasgow. They are rather histories of the various ways in which various "names on the backs of books" came to life and talked with Miss Clark, greatly to her amusement, if not always to their own greater glory. Some of the letters addressed to Miss Clark and signed by these names seem indeed to have been written, as she says, "with an apparent eye to posterity"; and these expectations have not been disappointed, for the *Reviewer's* correspondence with its patrons and discoveries alike has been generously quoted. Miss Clark's own anecdotes, equally generous in most of her chapters, have a still subtler appeal for contemporary interest, and quite as good a claim for preservation. The combination of these letters from the writers of the twenties, with Miss Clark's gift for seeing character steadily—and, often, whole—makes her book an unusual contribution to literary biography: a contribution more immediately enjoyable for the entertaining spectacle it offers of the literary life as it has lately been lived in Richmond and New York.

*by Charles L. Wells*

## THE EARLY CHURCH

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH. Burnett Hillman Streeter, D.D. The Macmillan Company New York, 1929, Pp XIV, 323.

This remarkable book, which is already creating a profound sensation among Christian scholars of every name, is the latest contribution to Christian scholarship by a man who is recognized as one of the foremost scholars of to-day, in all that concerns the fundamental principles of Christianity.

It is the most detailed investigation yet made of every fact discovered up to the present time; and of every particle of evidence bearing on the writings, leaders, polity and organization of the early church. It would be difficult if not impossible to disprove or add to any of these facts. Their arrangement, interpretation, and the deductions therefrom are another matter.

His fundamental conclusions, however, must be accepted as established. This may be more readily granted as they are not new, although receiving additional confirmation by Dr. Streeter's scholarship. These conclusions are stated on pages 150 and 267, and may be given in full: (1) "The history of Catholic Christianity during the first five centuries is the history of a progressive standardization of a diversity which had its origin in the Apostolic Age." (2) In the Primitive Church there was no single system of Church Order laid down by the Apostles. During the first hundred years of Christianity, the Church was an organ alive and growing—changing its organization to meet changing needs. Clearly in Asia, Syria and Rome during that century the system of government varied from church to church, and in the same church at different times. Uniformity was a later development.

This latter conclusion is not new. Indeed it is surprising that so little attention has been given to the plain and weighty utterances of the great Elizabethan theologian Richard Hooker—the "Judicious Hooker"—in the Third Book of his "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity", in spite of all the reverence which has been paid, outwardly at least, to his authority by the whole Anglican Communion. It will not be out of place, in view of present controversies, to quote some insignificant passages from the second and succeeding chapters of that Third Book.

In the marginal summary we read: "Whether it be necessary

that some particular form of Church-Polity be set down in Scripture, Sith the things that belong particularly unto any such form are not of necessity to salvation." In the text we are told: "The necessity of polity and regiment in all Churches may be held without holding any one form to be necessary in them all." "For as much as no form of Church-Polity is thought by them" [Puritans] "to be lawful, or to be of God, unless God be so the author of it that it be also set down in Scripture; they should tell us plainly, whether their meaning be that it must be there set down in whole or in part. For, if wholly let them show what one form of Polity ever was so . . . The general principles are such as do not particularly prescribe any one, but sundry may equally be consonant unto the general axioms of the Scriptures." "They bend themselves earnestly against all which deny it necessary that any one complete form of church polity should be in Scripture." Indeed in the very title of this Third Book the subject is announced: "Concerning their [Puritans'] second assertion, that in Scripture there must be of necessity contained a form of Church Polity, the Laws whereof may in nowise be altered." It was, at that time, the Puritans who maintained and sought to prove a definite fixed Church-Polity set forth in the New Testament, which the Anglican Churchmen flatly denied—that is, if we may take Richard Hooker as a representative of their position. Hooker is arguing, primarily, against T. C. [Thomas Cartwright] who maintained that the Presbyterian polity was of divine authority as being the only ecclesiastical polity set forth in the New Testament. It is to be noted that Hooker does not claim New Testament authority for Episcopacy, but bases his argument on the fact that no definite single polity is set forth in the New Testament; but that Episcopacy is a development of the Church's organizing activity as it adapted itself to the growing needs of the times and to the changing environment. Nor need we go back to the time of Hooker for Anglican confirmation of this fact. Bishop Lightfoot has asserted the same thing as every scholar knows. "From the subordinate place which it occupies in the notices of St. Paul, the permanent ministry gradually emerged, as the Church assumed a more settled form and the higher but temporary offices, such as the Apostolate, fell away." Nor is the theory peculiar to Dr. Streeter among recent scholars, although he has put it forth with



more convincing arguments, and with a great wealth of citation and study of early documents.

Dr. J. Armitage Robinson, in his "Essay on the Christian Ministry" (No. 2 in Dr. H. B. Swete's collection of *Essays on the Early History*) quotes with approval Lightfoot's conclusion that "the type of the true episcopate may be seen in the commanding position held by James the Lord's brother in the mother church of Jerusalem; the example does not appear to have been followed in the Gentile congregations." "The New Testament writings carry us no further than this": (quoting from Lightfoot); "unless we have recourse to a sweeping condemnation of received documents, it seems vain to deny that early in the second century the Episcopal office was firmly and widely established." Robinson's own words are given in his summary. "There has grown up a generally accepted belief that towards the end of the first century there were two forms of ministry existing side by side; one of which was beginning to disappear and to yield the place of honor to its later rival." He is here speaking, although he does not use these terms, of the itinerant and the localized ministry, a distinction of the utmost significance, although generally overlooked. Robinson continues: "We see, perhaps more clearly than we saw before, that the Christian Ministry was gradually evolved in response to fresh needs which came with new conditions. We find that a Three-fold Ministry emerges. Each office has had an evolution of its own. We cannot go back if we would to the immaturity of primitive days." There can be no question, that there were two kinds of ministry in the New Testament not "charismatic" and "official", not "earlier" and "later", but "itinerant" and "localized." The former consisted of the Twelve, St. Paul and those who are called Apostles and some who were called prophets, including Timothy and Titus and others who went about from place to place; and the localized, those who settled or were appointed in one place or community and had no authority and exercised no function in other places. These localized officers had different names and formed different combinations in different places and acted as deputies or assistants to the Apostles, or as representatives and directors of single congregations. The first we note are the seven at Jerusalem, of whom one at any rate, Phillip, became later, an evangelist—the next one,

the elders (presbyters) at Jerusalem, to whom the alms were brought from Antioch by Barnabas and Saul (Paul), and who were associated with James and the Apostles at the Council, at Jerusalem (Acts XV). We hear of them also in the churches founded by St. Paul when he appointed elders in every one of his churches on his first missionary journey (Acts XIV). On a visit to Miletus we are told (Acts XX) he sent for the "elders" of Ephesus and he addressed them as "bishops". In his letter to the Philippians he addressed "the bishops and deacons" at Philippi. It has been generally agreed by Allen, McGiffert, Lightfoot, Robinson, and Streeter, that all bishops were presbyters but not all presbyters were bishops. I have taught in my classes that it is probable, or at any rate possible, that the presbyters whom Paul and Barnabas, "appointed for them in every church" included those whom Paul addressed as "bishops and deacons" in his letter to the Philippians. Dr. Streeter seems to confirm this explanation, for in speaking of the Pauline churches (p. 80) he says: "Nevertheless, from other epistles (besides 1 Thessalonians) it is clear that these presbyters—perhaps already bore titles *Episcopi* and *Deacons*." In commenting on 1 Clement, he says (p. 221): "Presbyter would seem to be a term, connoting not so much office as status. Among those who enjoy the status of presbyter are included a class of *Episcopi* and (possibly) also the deacons. At any rate, as in Philippians, bishops and deacons are the names of two kinds of officers. These two officers are spoken of by Clement in a way which excludes the possibility that presbyters is the name of a third and intermediate office." Then he quotes from 1 Clement: "The apostles preaching everywhere in country and town, appointed their first-fruits, when they had proved them by the spirit, to be Bishops and Deacons unto them that should believe." XLII-4.

This is undoubtedly, a most helpful suggestion toward the elucidation of the problem. The chief error in studying the Church organization of the first century is an error into which Presbyterians have inadvertently fallen by asserting only two orders—Presbyters and Deacons, and which some upholders of the Episcopacy have not escaped, by trying to find the three orders of the ministry—Bishops, Presbyters, and Deacons—in the New Testament. This error lies in failing to take into account the place which

the Apostles occupied in the primitive organization. There may not be a definitely established Episcopacy in the New Testament; but unless we leave out the Apostles, who certainly have a very important place and function in the New Testament, there is no system of Congregationalism, and none of Presbyterianism, although there are elements or germs of all three. As a matter of fact, all three of these elements are found in the Church of the second century, and two of them, the Congregational and the Presbyterian, are gradually dropped out in succeeding centuries, not to be restored until the American Episcopal Church was organized in 1789, with a polity more like that of the second and third centuries than any other which has appeared in Church History since that time.

The whole scheme of the three fold ministry, with its place and order may be thus expressed:

- I. Gospel: Christ,—the Twelve—The Seventy.
- II. Acts XV: St. James,—the Apostles—The Presbyters.
- III. Philippians 1-1: St. Paul—the Bishops—The Deacons.
- IV. Didache: An Apostle or Prophet (settled)—Bishops and Deacons.
- V. Ignatius: Bishop—Presbyters—Deacons.

Ignatius incidentally confirms the idea by likening the Church of his time to the Church of the Gospels, where the Bishop is the successor to Christ, and the Presbyters the Apostles.

It is to be noted that a single head officer, although with a different name, appears in each of these stages of development. "See that ye all follow the bishop even as Jesus Christ does the Father, and the presbytery as ye would the Apostles, and reverence the deacons as being the institution of God." (Ignatius to the Trallians VIII.)

Undoubtedly, with the exception of James at Jerusalem, and that only for a few years, there was no single local head officer in any one Church until near the end of the first century; and the Didache supplies us with one description of the way in which that single local head officer came into being.

The development of unity in an external organization is another interesting subject about which there is a great deal of error and misunderstanding. The external unity of the Church in the New Testament was in the Apostles and centered at Jerusalem;

but after the Apostles passed away, what we may call the Apostolate disappeared, and after the destruction of Jerusalem in the year 70, and again, completely, in 135, there was no center of organic unity. This had to be built up to give expression to the ideal and spiritual unity which existed in Christ, in the one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism.

This explains the early organization of the metropolitanates, the exarchates and the five patriarchates, the origin and early history of which Dr. Streeter so accurately describes. It is true that the patriarchates were finally reduced to two: Rome in the West and Constantinople in the East; but the only real unity of organization which the Catholic Church ever achieved was at the Ecumenical Councils—about once or twice in a century—and in the person of the Emperor.

Dr. Streeter is not concerned solely with the questions of organization and ministry, although these furnish the most striking of his conclusions and have received the most attention. He has thrown much light on the authorship and date of each of the New Testament books and early writings; and he has traced the history, legendary and actual, of the Twelve Apostles, the origin and early history of the Church in Asia, in Syria, at Rome and at Alexandria, with valuable appendices on the Ignatian Epistles, the Didache, and on Irenaeus and the early Popes.

The book is a model of modern historical writing. Written history is the harmonization of all observed historical facts. The book is a valuable introduction to early Christian literature and comes to us with the great authority of Dr. Streeter's recognized scholarship. He does not always speak with the definiteness which many desire, but with the careful weighing of all sides which the true historian should cultivate and exercise.

by *Carroll Lane Fenton*

## HUMANIZING SCIENCE

PARADE OF THE LIVING. By John Hodgdon Bradley, Jr. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. Pp. 308.

Of the making of books there may be no end, but of books which convey to the thoughtful reader a real perception of the vast travail and tragedy of organic evolution, few have been made since the days of Haeckel and Huxley. Apparently the labor has been too great, the tragedy too involved. Drama, to be successful, must be clear in its objectives and must move directly toward them. If the characters fail to progress, and death itself is monotonously repeated, it will take a skilled dramatist indeed to clarify the action.

Dr. Bradley is not such a dramatist, but he has found an excellent substitute for the strong, simple plot which served Haeckel so well. He has turned the conflict into a procession: instead of showing us movements in an age long battle, he presents an apparently interminable march in which battles are but incidents, and victories preludes to defeat. The plan, for all we know, conforms to reality; at the least, it minimizes the inevitable distortion caused by faulty knowledge and human viewpoints.

It is proper, too, that this procession fills two-thirds of the book, for it lasted upward of a billion years before our own species came to join it. Unfortunately, Dr. Bradley has elected to trace it without the aid of pictures, so the reader either becomes dazed by descriptions or seeks other books for the needed drawings. From primitive plants and animals of the Proterozoic, life advanced through the early Paleozoic in multitudinous lineages, whose endless variety is a source of wonder, and through the Mesozoic and Cenozoic eras that variety increased. At its end—or more properly, in that tiny part of it which is passing today—we find ourselves, whom we optimistically appraise as lords of creation.

Yet even in our conceit we find cause to ponder. As we look over the inhabitants of the geologic past, as we notice the number of species and orders which have become extinct, we are bound to wonder whether we can escape their fate. If we cannot; if our most distinctive characters presage our downfall, what right have we to assume that there is reality in our concepts of biologic progress? Even if progress proves real, are we permitted to conclude



that it has biologic value? Is advance or conformity the goal of variation?

To such questions as these Dr. Bradley devotes the third part of his book. His conclusions, admittedly, rest largely on opinion and interpretation—yet there are certain facts that cannot be denied. We can overlook them, and we generally do, but such a course is much more apt to do away with us than with the facts. Races have degenerated and then have died, and we show not a few traits which are clearly degenerate. Old ways have proved impossible in new surroundings, yet we seek the earth and heavens for means to modify our environment, while we imprison or kill those who would change our behavior. Faced with a succession of new worlds, we are as conservative as *Brontosaurus*, yet complicate matters by thinking, which he couldn't do. In the face of problems which are caused by intelligence, and demand intelligent consideration, our ideal of action is that sanctioned by the past. What chance have we against bacteria and insects, which have lived for ages with little change, and have solved our problems by avoiding them?

These questions Dr. Bradley does not answer, yet it is clear that in spite of his criticisms he has confidence that man still has a chance to overcome himself as well as his environment. Such confidence, of course, is only human—as also is Dr. Bradley's reliance upon some of the very moral prejudices which he ridicules, and his projection of them into the lives of other animals than men. Degeneration to him, as to most of us, is more than an anatomical or physiological change. It also is unfortunate, undesirable, or even wicked. Foraging for flesh, too, is somehow closer to murder than foraging for leaves. The race which survived a changing world by developing new possibilities and structures was inherently better than one which became extinct, or managed to exist by retreating to a stable, generous environment. Such are the statements and implications of Dr. Bradley's book—even though I doubt that he himself would maintain their scientific validity.

I wonder, too, whether he wholly likes the style in which he has chosen to write. It is entertaining, brilliant, clever, but it never seems quite in keeping with the subject. Organic evolution, as everyone not a Lamarckian knows, has been a slow, confused, blundering process: its swift-moving passages concern individuals

and groups rather than phyla. One looks for some reflection of this in Dr. Bradley's pages, but on only a few does he find it. With those exceptions, this *Parade of the Living* moves with clear precision and almost breathless haste, a haste all out of keeping with organic and geologic change. One thinks repeatedly of the more familiar parade which, however late it may be in starting, always returns too soon to the ambiguity of canvas tents. The animals which fill Dr. Bradley's pages are not much more clear than those in cages: words, like bars, may conceal more than they show unless aided by pictures. Keen phrases interest, and strange ones attract, but in the end they become a little monotonous like plumes on too many shining horses. The arresting chapter titles suggest glowing banners, which promise more of both novelty and substance than the real attractions can possess.

Perhaps, of course, the fault is mine: there is no canon of writing which demands that description must organically suggest the things described. Yet it may gain by doing so, and an account of so vast, so puzzling a process as organic evolution should reflect some of the might and prodigal incompetence of its subject. The need is for artistry as well as for precision and skill.

When I read of the progress of any great organic group, or the changes accompanying the end of an era, I invariably think of three authors whose styles alone seem to qualify them for the writing of such a book as this might have been. One is Clarence Darrow, whose *Farmington* somehow suggests the peace before disaster that characterizes most geologic periods. Another is Sandburg: his terse, rich phrases and improbable humour would meet the demands of even dinosaurian evolution. The third is Dreiser, for the tragedies of evolution are those of *Jennie Gerhardt* and "*Genius*",—awkward, graceless disasters whose victims mire themselves ever deeper and deeper because of the blind dictates of their own impulses. Even his triumphs suggest those of evolution, since they too are the result of accident, impulse and blindly given opportunity.

I do not, of course, ask that every writer on evolution be a Darrow, a Sandburg or a Dreiser, nor do I suppose that any man, even one of these, could carry his literary style into non-technical science and retain it without change. My point, rather, is that the great facts and theories of biology (and of other sciences as well)

deserve expression which reflects their greatness. Darwin, in spite of his lack of literary skill, wrote greatly in *The Origin of the Species*; Child has put poetic prose of rare beauty into so technical a volume as *Senescence and Rejuvenescence*. In his popularizations of astronomy, Jeans does almost as well, while Wheeler contributes dignity as well as brilliance to his essays on ants. Without asking that Dr. Bradley imitate any of these men, it yet seems reasonable to suggest that he strive less hard to differ from them, employing the imagination which he possesses so richly in selection of a style which fits, and if possible reflects, the nature of his subject.

by *Hansell Baugh*

### "THE OLD PRETENDER"

HENRY JAMES: *LETTERS TO A. C. BENSON AND AUGUSTE MONOD*, edited, with an introduction, by E. F. Benson. New York: Scribner's. \$6.00.

As a variously interesting and a thoroughly characteristic supplement to the two volumes of correspondence edited and published ten years ago by Mr. Percy Lubbock, these letters will be indispensable to the dyed-in-the-wool Jacobean—indeed it is likely that few other readers will have access to an edition limited to one thousand and plus fifty presentation copies; although this shorter collection might serve handsomely to introduce Henry James in his private aspect to libraries which have not yet found room for the more copious volumes of letters, of "the Master's" own memoirs, or even his novels and tales and his criticism.

Mr. E. F. Benson but recently gave us in a half-dozen pages of his "As We Were" a highly flavored addition to the gallery of portraits we have depicting the James of the final period—after James the first and the second came "the Old Pretender", as Miss Rebecca West once wrote. Some of that material appears again, slightly reshaped, in Mr. Benson's charmingly personal introduction to these letters written to his brother, the late President of Magdalene College, Cambridge: he epitomizes their predominant

ing feature when he says that they "exhibit in his own inimitable manner the two ruling devotions of one of the most lovable of men. . . . His friends and his art were equally his religion. . . ." The Benson letters and notes here presented number in all fifty-one (it seems a pity that the six others already published by Mr. Lubbock were not reprinted in their context, for better continuity), and their dates extend over a period of more than twenty years—from 1892 up to April, 1915, nine months before Henry James' death, *et al.* seventy-two.

Arthur Benson, a son of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, was in his early twenties when he first met Henry James, who was already forty-two, a familiar bearded figure in London drawing-rooms, the moderately successful and highly esteemed author of "Daisy Miller" and "The Portrait of a Lady"—"The Tragic Muse" being one of two or three years' later date. For a decade their acquaintance remained casual and remote—only the first two letters fall within that period. But in 1895, when Henry James, at the age of fifty-two, had renounced his projects for becoming a (financially) successful playwright and had turned back to the writing of those fictions which, beginning approximately with "The Spoils of Poynton", are usually said to be in his "later manner": in that year the exchange of letters became very frequent, and took on a tone perhaps more intimate than anything save family correspondence in the two volumes previously published. Arthur Benson, now a Master at Eton, appears to have given the impetus by showering the older and more "established" writer with volumes of his poems—whose receipt and perusal evoked cordially critical pages both odd and acute from the unmetred novelist; these attentions being crowned toward the close of the year by the dedication of a volume of essays to Henry James, who "read it affectionately, even romantically—liking it almost as much when I *didn't* like it best as when I did!"

Through long years when vis-à-vis encounters were rare, this friendship was preserved by intermittent correspondence. Perhaps its quality best appears in a letter written early in 1896, a few months after the dedicated "Essays" appeared—in the very month when "The Spoils of Poynton", then called "The Old Things", began to run its serialized course in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

I like selfish lonely work so much that you figure to me as a hero with your complicated contacts. . . . We are in truth both victims of our devouring age, and if I can pick your bones before the last scrap of you—and of me—is gobbled up, I suppose I shall be entitled to say that I have known friendship and intimacy in what they have of most intense and abandoned.

Typical of the intensity with which Henry James so often considered "things of art—of perfection" in these letters, is a passage of whose first sentence Mr. Benson's introduction perhaps makes a bit too much: it was in acknowledgment and criticism of Arthur Benson's "Lyrics" that he wrote:

It's neither here nor there, but art should be as hard as nails—as hard as the heart of the artist—a person who, *qua* artist, is an absolutely Roman father. . . . I like the passion that may be in the form almost as much, I fear, as the passion that may be in the subjects. That is, I don't much care where the passion is, so long as it is somewhere.

There are other sentences scattered through the book which are not so "typical", which constitute indeed a strange new note on the Henry James who is too often envisaged as a mild, even a shallow, "kind of" tea-time personality. "I am afraid I am not quite the creature of abysmal calm that you appear to glance at," he writes in one letter; and in an earlier one, describing himself as temporarily "at a point where the difference between sadness and cheer, interest and detachment, lies behind in the road like a shuffled coil", he concludes: "It's all one, it's all life, it's all fate, it's all—everything! And yet after all there is perhaps something more grossly primitive, and less 'painfully acquired' in the sentiment with which I ask you to consider your hand as grasped by Yours evermore, Henry James". On one page, "Life's nothing—unless heroic and sacrificial"; on another, "I see life indeed as ferocious and sinister"; and finally, less than a year before his death, he wrote: "Strange and terrible is life—unspeakable is character . . ."

The fourteen letters and notes to Monsieur Monod, written between 1905 and 1913, are concerned with the translation of various stories into French—chiefly with the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of the attempt. One learns that, late in 1912, Henry



James had the mixed pleasure and mortification of reading his own "poor little old 'Seige of London'", transmogrified into *La Conquête de Londres*, in the hallowed pages of the *Mercur de France*; and one remains to savor the amazing tact with which he tells his "dear patient Translator" that, "even at the very best and finest", translators can only fumble and betray, that "translation is an effort—though a most flattering one!—to *tear* the hapless flesh, and in fact to get rid of so much of it that the living thing bleeds and faints away! forgive the violence of my figure".

As a minor bibliographical point, of interest to the Jacobean, it might be mentioned that the two undated Boston letters are certainly misplaced: the one on page 48 is probably of March, 1901, and should therefore follow the letter ending on page 60; the other, on pages 52-53, is obviously of earlier date than that which precedes it in this volume, and internal evidence (compared with the previously published correspondence of that year) would indicate that it was written probably on January 16 or 17, 1900.

by *Hansell Baugh*

## MUTATIONS OF THE NOVEL

FIVE MASTERS. A Study in the Mutations of the Novel. By Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1930. Pp. 328.

The evolution of any literary form would be difficult to trace were it not for the writers themselves. For the record they have left is a tangible one; paper and print are definite materials; hence it would appear that the historian is confronted with no more arduous a task than that of simple selection. But more than miles and years have lain between fourteenth century Naples and the deductions of Joseph Wood Krutch. A vast accumulation of opinion has had to be pushed aside before he could achieve a standard of originality. For it is exceedingly hard to view with a complete and fresh abstraction that which has already been ably and comprehensively considered. Krutch, however, accomplishes

the task. And the key to the charm of his book is found within the foreword in which he naively states that "out of the list of possibilities I chose the names of those who interested me most, those whose works I promised myself the most pleasure in re-reading and in writing about." This, of course, directly answers the many who will protest the exclusion of specific authors when certain others are admitted. Krutch has been kind to himself by asserting the privilege of choice. On the other hand, there is substantial basis for his selection. Each of his five "masters" has made a particular contribution to the development of the novel. Each has taken odds with tradition to a mutative extent.

Krutch approaches his subject from a psychological angle oftener than from a critical one; he mixes æsthetics with biography and occasionally obtrudes what one suspects is his own philosophy, but the result is essentially sound: the novel being in itself so much a conglomeration of mental and environmental matter that one does not object to seeing it dealt with in kind.

It is a far cry from Boccaccio to Proust but Krutch draws them a parallel:—Proust almost minus the dogmatic precepts of the Post-Renaissance period; Boccaccio working outside the ponderous confines of Middle Age theology. He exploits Boccaccio as the earliest modern writer to practice the creed upon which Petrarch had timorously touched, that of the value of human life and its relationship to a potential culture; he follows him through the vicissitudes of mysticism, the allegory and pastoral, from the subjective to the objective stage and into the Human Comedy known as the *Decameron*. Here, indeed, a new literary species was born. Doubtless it was time that somebody broke with tradition, admitting a breath of worldliness into the stuffy crypts of medievalism, but Boccaccio had poor faith in his digression; it was a dangerous season for secular temerity and he turned back, toward the end, to the conventional expressions of his day.

More than two hundred years later (by which time the *Decameron* was banned) the boy, Miguel de Cervantes, had grown up in Spain. And in his early old age, after a turbulent and complicated lifetime, Cervantes was to discover the modern novel, so far as its fundamental methods and motivations are concerned. Research has never proved that part or all of *Don Quixote* was

written in jail, but certainly difficulties of one sort or another took its author there at varying intervals. Krutch reviews the work admirably, arguing for and against its ambiguity, quoting Byron's remark that Cervantes "laughed the chivalry of Spain away". But when Cervantes produced Don Quixote and Sancho Panza to see and act for him he did more than merely concoct characters: he invented "three-dimensional" fiction, which is with us yet; the very heart and action of the novel as we know it.

The essay on the epistolomaniac, Samuel Richardson, is the most amusing of Krutch's book. The amazing inception of Richardson's career, the devotion of his lady friends, his obsession for secret interviews, dashing gentlemen, virtuous maidens (though throughout his work he confused virtue and chastity), violated honor, and the eternal Moral Issue,—all make lively reading as Krutch handles them. He avers that Richardson introduced the element of romantic ethics into the novel, that he developed the technique of emotional emphasis, and that he made valuable contributions to the form from the viewpoint of propriety. Nobody reads nowadays of *Virtue Rewarded* or *Virtue in Distress*. But they were real exigencies in Richardson's time and his concern with them has rendered him important, even while his novels are forgotten.

Comparatively little is known about Stendahl's work; Krutch treats him as a character with only incidental allusions to his writings. But the ultimate analysis is this: he projected himself into what he wrote; the ironic unconsciousness which Croce noted and remarked upon still serves as descriptive of his novels. And Krutch says that "no writer since Stendhal has ever succeeded in completely resolving the conflicts which form the moral substance of his fiction." It is as a link between the literary romanticism of his period and the wave of realism which followed that Stendhal takes irrefutable place.

The strange life and physical infirmities of Marcel Proust go far toward furnishing a background for his mental eccentricities. One gathers that Proust is Krutch's favorite of his "masters". Obviously he has gone to extreme lengths to satisfy his curiosity; even to the resort of translating into English parts of Proust's last two novels. He speaks with respect and affection of *Remembrance of Things Past*, and it is a great novel both as a work of

art and in its human aspects. Just how great remains to be seen, for it has not been written so very long, and there are many who censure its aloofness, even while others commend its precise and beautiful pattern, and still others are not as yet quite sure what it is all about.

*Five Masters* is not a book to be read for relaxation. But it is the skilled and conscious effort of a man who is at once critic and visionist, a man who looks into the minds and hearts of writers with the same perception. And Boccaccio and Cervantes, Richardson, Stendhal, and Proust are at once more living beings because of it.

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## BRIEF REVIEWS

**HARD TIMES—THE WAY IN AND THE WAY OUT.** By Richard T. Ely. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. Pp. 203. \$1.75.

There are no simple formulas for the solution of the problem of unemployment, the sorest spot of modern capitalism; not one if society remains atomistic, unintegrated in its economic activities. In a small volume compact of long experience, research and practical wisdom, Dr. Ely invites his reader to fresh, hard thinking. He holds that war is the surest way into hard times, war with its over-expansion, high prices, optimism, speculation, taxation, ill-balanced production, inefficiency in business and government. And the surest way out is economic planning supported by nationwide research, planning in the rational use of land, labor, and capital, planning for the integration of industry and agriculture, and the pooling of resources that waste of labor and materials may be eliminated. It is a lucid reasonable discussion, and it is well that Russia's revolutionary doctrine should be presented by America's most venerable economist.

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E. M. K.

**ADAMASTOR.** By Roy Campbell. New York: The Dial Press. 1931. Pp. 102. \$2.50.

In his first narrative poem of ten years ago, *The Flaming Terrapin*, Mr. Campbell was at best rhetorical, sensational by his ex-

cess of imagery. But *Adamastor* is distinguished by the inherent subtlety of the poems, by their form and thought, by their imagery held by some central emotion. Mr. Campbell is versatile and individual. He enjoys flinging out his words of iron savagery, the active verb and the flashing adjective; he likes the quick, stinging utterance, because like the serpent's "my lips are venomous with truth". But his poems have also beauty, wit, and quiet splendor. And some truths he can deliver with soul-bruising tenderness, like the cry of the unknown youth battle-dead:

Old men have hunted beauty from the earth  
Over the broken bodies of our youth.

E. M. K.

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DYNAMITE. THE STORY OF CLASS VIOLENCE IN AMERICA. By Louis Adamic.  
New York: The Viking Press. 1931. Pp. 452. \$3.50.

Mr. Adamic is a working man who became an intellectual. He knows the labor leaders as 'just folks', from the I. W. W. wobblies to the pure-and-simple trade unionists. He has no illusions about the motives of labor or capital, and although his sympathies are with the the underdogs, he can present the story of labor violence with stark aloofness. This story is dramatic, like the unfolding of a plot, bare of social theories and idealism. From the early class violence of the 1830's to the recent 'rackets' in business and labor the story of labor is one of resentment against exploitation, a dynamic drive for economic betterment, a chaotic highly emotional "belly-hunger movement". The facts are true and significant, even where not all the facts are weighed and probed. However, the thesis of violence as the product of American industrialism is too narrow, for lawlessness is part of our cultural inheritance from colonial and pioneer days. It is true that trade unionism is now spiritually weak, but it has within itself the formless forces of social justice and aspirations for industrial democracy, and it is quite possible that the ancient idealisms will awaken in the labor movement when the whole nation becomes astir with a new life.

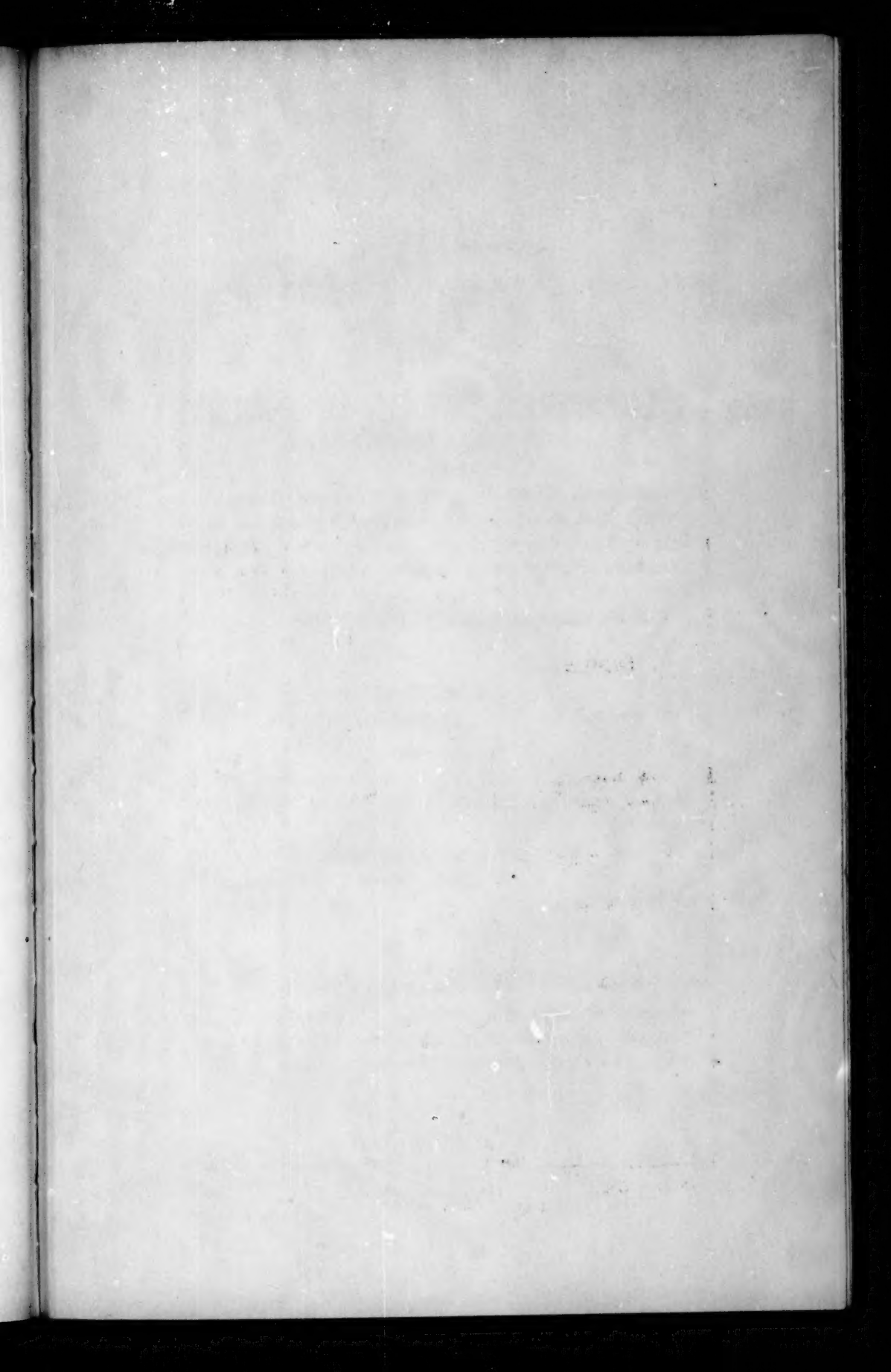
E. M. K.



RATIONAL EVOLUTION. By Robert Briffault. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. Pp. 302. \$3.50.

"Progress depends upon truth." This may seem trite, too simple for the metaphysical, the backward-looking, the tender-minded, it is meaningful for the rational-minded, for those who conceive of progress as something purposive, willed by human intelligence, controlled and directed by man-made institutions. From the standpoint of human culture, civilizations perish, but civilization endures. For the story of mankind is the story of man the creator—the deviser, the thinker, the aspirer. Everything precious in civilization is the product of man's intelligence, wrested by human effort from dark chaos and brutality. The world of man is the creation of man's mind: Fire, pottery, steel, and roads were fashioned by his thought, and likewise his interests, his passions, his loves, and his prejudices amid which he moves are the outcome of his social institutions. What then should be our answer to the disillusioned and the despairers? This is Mr. Briffault's answer, the answer of the social scientist: The degree in which man is able to command his modern world of machinery and steel and economic interdependence must depend upon the measure in which the thought of man perceives with accuracy the existing facts of life; for when society defies facts it pays the penalty of decline and death. Time does not devour the children of men, but social dishonesty dooms itself. "Progress depends upon truth."

E. M. K.





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